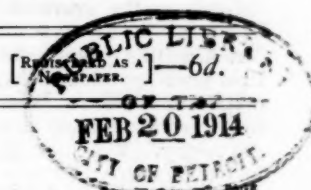


THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,041 Vol. 117.

7 February 1914.



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The SATURDAY REVIEW will publish next week the first part of a contribution by Dr. J. Holland Rose—"If Napoleon Had Won at Waterloo".

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A Parliamentary Session now begins which may well prove the most stirring in the chronicle of party politics. Rightly, the Parliamentary summonses of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law use the word "gravest". In this year it is not too much to say the whole Unionist cause, the cause of the Empire, is at stake. A hundred years ago England was in the field against a powerful tyrant—a tyrant who had been the darling of Fox, the great ancestor of our modern Liberals or Radicals. To-day England must again be in the field against tyranny of quite another order, but the more dangerous in a way because it threatens craftily from within rather than boldly from without—"The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword".

Sir Edward Grey's speech on armaments at Manchester this week was signal and impressive. But we must ask this: How, in any way, by any effort of imagination, can it be described as the speech of an orthodox, thorough-going Liberal or Radical Minister or Member of Parliament? Let us pursue this line of enquiry a little further, even at the risk of appearing mischief-makers, for it is important to know whether the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs does conform, or is expected to conform, to accepted, orthodox Radical party views in the matter of armaments, militarism, and the like, or whether he is given a free hand in this vitally important controversy.

It is a good thing to quote from this Manchester speech of Sir Edward Grey's on armaments, which in many ways is gratifying and quite satisfactory to Unionist views, and which might have been spoken by Mr. Bonar Law, or Lord Lansdowne, or Lord Curzon, or Mr. F. E. Smith. "One thing about the situation is this: while any large increase in the building pro-

gramme of any great country in Europe has a stimulating effect upon the expenditure in other countries, it does not follow that a slackening in the expenditure in our country produces a diminution in the expenditure of others." Absolute truth and common-sense! Is this the Radical view? If it is Unionists can only say to Radicals: "You are perfectly right, we agree with you; if Great Britain were to slack or stop building Dreadnoughts it would not for an instant mean that other great nations would slack or stop building Dreadnoughts".

But Sir Edward Grey does not stop there. He goes further, and all Unionists, together with all Imperialists and all patriots outside party, will surely go with him. He says that if Great Britain slackens the effect may well be to stimulate other shipbuilding Powers. Again admirable common-sense and statesmanship. We put it to Radicals and to Radical papers: Is or is not this doctrine of Sir Edward Grey's the view of their side? We will put it directly, and particularly to the "Daily Chronicle": Is this its doctrine?

But we have not quoted all the important and remarkably frank passages on armaments in this speech. For example: "If we shut down our programme altogether and desist from building anything this year, or if we were to build nothing the year afterwards, I don't think it would cause any alteration in shipbuilding in Europe". Is this the Radical doctrine of to-day? If it is all Unionists, together with all Imperialists and patriots who hold themselves aloof from party, can but proclaim it as their doctrine, too.

But, anyhow, the matter ought really to be cleared up at once; and we trust that the "Daily Chronicle"—which is the popular power at the moment in the Government Press, and has lately taken the leading Press part in the controversy over the Navy and the Estimates—will, after its way, boldly and frankly tackle it. The question is: Does the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in these most important and considered statements on shipbuilding and armaments express the Radical view? Meanwhile we suggest

that the passages italicised, with their date and source, should be printed on a leaflet and distributed all over the country; they are extremely educative.

In his interesting speech on Wednesday in support of the British Peace Centenary Fund, Mr. Asquith quoted two verses from Frederick Myers on King Edward at the grave of Washington. He spoke of Myers as having "a niche among English poets". Mr. Asquith's quotations from English poets have more than once appealed to us; and we welcome this word or two of his about Myers. There are several poems by Myers that should be more widely known than they are to-day. The lines on the "Birkenhead"—quoted in THE SATURDAY REVIEW lately in a review of Colonel Gracie's book about the "Titanic"—make one of the truest patriotic poems in English. We dare say these lines, quite unknown to most people, are valued by the Prime Minister, whose taste in poetry is fine and sure.

At Glasgow Mr. Lloyd George was pungent about parsons. He first spoke of lawyers as "a most useful, respectable, essential body of men under present conditions", but added, "in the Millennium you may do without them, as you will probably be able to do without the parsons". Presumably. We shall then also be able to do without Government contractors and tipsters. There will be no Marconi shares for Ministers at the Millennium.

Mr. Gulland's attempt to explain that he did not bribe the electors of Wick Burghs to vote for Mr. Munro and the Government so obviously fails that silence would better have served him. Let us again quote his words as reported in the local paper: "Mr. Munro", said Mr. Gulland, "had more power of worrying the Government to get things done for his constituency than any member for Scotland. Whether it was putting in a word for money for Wick Harbour or a naval base for Cromarty, Mr. Munro had the faculty of putting his case in such an unanswerable way that the Government found it extremely difficult to refuse anything he asked".

Mr. Gulland's answer to the charge that he was here in clear terms inviting the electors to vote for Mr. Munro because Mr. Munro was better able to persuade the Government to spend public money in the constituency than his Unionist opponent is that the reporter must have a little adorned what he said; that he does not remember exactly what he said; but that, if he did say what he was reported to have said, it certainly did not amount to a bribe. Let the local Radical paper and Mr. Gulland settle between them what Mr. Gulland's exact phrases were. They were interpreted in the constituency to mean that votes for Mr. Munro were votes for Wick Harbour; and they could not be interpreted in any other way. The Unionist candidate even heard a prayer to heaven from a United Free pulpit that "the votes in this election may be cast, firstly, *with an eye to the prosperity of the town*".

Lord Claude Hamilton is in disgrace with the Government Press because he said, in a speech last Saturday: "As one who entered Parliament when Lord Palmerston was at the head of affairs, I know what it is to have a man. *He was a man.* The German Emperor is a man. General Botha is a man. Such men are wanted in the United Kingdom". One might have thought that the Liberal Press would be pleased by this saying, for was not Palmerston a Liberal, and is not General Botha a man of their own choice? Are the Liberals and Radicals not incessantly urging their leaders to have an entente with the German Emperor?

For our part, we are content with Lord Claude Hamilton's selection of strong men, though two at least of these have been—in their time—men after the Liberals' own heart. The Liberal taste in strong men is fickle: perhaps to-day for Palmerston and the

Kaiser and General Botha it would substitute Mr. Handel Booth, Mr. Chiozza Money and Lord Murray of Elibank.

Meanwhile our excellent friend "Punch" hits off the situation in a clever cartoon, "The New Belleophon"—ten moody Napoleons of Labour shipped off by General Botha, not to Elba but to England. And one cannot resist the idea that if a great storm arose and that vessel disappeared the Liberal Party would take it with philosophy.

Mr. Illingworth, seeing danger for his party in General Botha's deportations, has made haste to protest that the British Government cannot intervene in South African affairs. Constitutionally he is incorrect, for it is provided by the Act of Union that the Imperial Government may withhold assent from Acts of the Union Legislature even when they have received the Governor-General's assent. We do not suggest that the Imperial Government should veto the Indemnity Bill, but they undoubtedly have the power to do so, and they cannot deny their responsibility, since it is clearly stated in the Union Act, which they themselves passed through the Imperial Parliament. This is one of those "safeguards" for Imperial supremacy of which so much is made in the case of Ireland. If they are illusory at Capetown, will they be less illusory at Dublin? Already Mr. Gulland has ingenuously admitted that the essence of Home Rule is that the nominally inferior Government should not be interfered with by the nominally superior, whether it is right or wrong.

A reason for the Government's helplessness in South Africa has been given. There is, we are told, no alternative administration in Capetown. If General Botha were to resign, Lord Gladstone would be unable to form a Ministry to carry on the King's Government. Exactly. If a similar conflict of authority arose in Ireland, would not the position be the same? If Mr. Redmond resigned, what kind of an Irish Government could Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy form, or the Ulster minority in the Irish Parliament? The only alternative to a Redmond-Devlin Cabinet would be a Devlin-Redmond Cabinet.

In another way the South African parallel is instructive. We are told that, once an Irish Parliament is set up, the old Irish party divisions will vanish and that new parties will appear. Has that been so in South Africa? Before the Union there were (a) progressive Boers, (b) reactionary Boers, and (c) British. Now there are (a) followers of General Botha, (b) followers of General Hertzog, (c) British, and (d) a small Labour group. The names are new, but the parties are the same. In Ireland, also, are (a) progressive Nationalists, the All-for-Ireland League, (b) reactionary Nationalists, or followers of Mr. Redmond, and (c) Ulstermen. The same parties—with perhaps a small Labour party from Dublin and Belfast—would persist under an Irish Parliament. The only difference between Ireland and South Africa in this respect is that, whereas in South Africa the progressive Boers, who follow Botha and do not object to work with the British, are in a majority, in Ireland the progressive Nationalists, who follow Mr. O'Brien and are quite free to work with Ulster, are in a minority. The South African parallel is, indeed, ominous for Home Rule in Ireland.

General Smuts this week gives a reasonable account of the deportations. The Government, he says, was challenged to a trial of strength in July, and it had to make truce with its enemies. Emboldened by their success, these enemies challenged the Government again. All the stuff of a revolution was there. They cut the Government's communications by calling a railway strike. They tried to starve out the community by calling on the bakers to refuse bread to citizen soldiers and police. They seized the coal supply and

controlled the light and water and sanitation services. The excuse that this was a strike for better terms will not avail in face of these facts.

The Syndicalist aim was "a State within the State and above the State"—a Syndicalist domination of the Union Government, perhaps in place of the Union Government. Faced with this the Government's only course was to put forth all its available resources and win. More troops were mobilised for this strike than at the outbreak of the Boer War, but the need for decisive action was urgent. The revolutionary ideal of a State within the State was shipped aboard the "Ungeni."

General Botha is already criticised by the lawyers at home. "Kidnapping" was the blunt description of his deed in the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court of South Africa, which has not yet a long tradition of independence behind it, is clearly uneasy at this invasion of the judicial province by the executive. Its irresolute action is proof of its weakness and anxiety.

It is now being asked whether an appeal will lie from the Supreme Court to the Privy Council in England. It is true that the Act of Union states that no appeal lies from the Supreme Court to the King in Council, but there is a proviso that this does not "impair any right which the King in Council might be pleased to exercise to grant special leave to appeal". In the Constitution of Australia no appeal lies to the King in Council, unless the Court certifies that the question is one which ought to be determined by the King in Council; and any laws limiting such leave to appeal are reserved for the consideration of the Crown. In practice no such limiting laws have been attempted, and the question of the right of appeal from Dominion Supreme Courts remains open. General Botha's deportation of the ten men may very possibly bring into discussion all these points of Imperial law.

Sir R. Baden Powell appeals in "The Times" this week on behalf of his scouts. How the money he requires will be spent, the good work it will enable Sir Robert to do, is clearly set forth in his letter. Few will read this record of hard work and solid achievement without wishing to help make a success of this thoroughly healthy and thoroughly English movement. Sir Robert claims with justice "we are helping to make the world of the next generation a better world than it is to-day". None who has himself seen the scouts at work, or who reads Sir Robert's frank and simple story, can doubt that the boast is true.

Now that the strike in Dublin is crushed and beaten it is time to look into the part played in the story by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and the English Labour leaders. It is not a distinguished or a brilliant part. It is not entirely without shame. We still think it was to the credit of the English Labour men that they refused to have confidence in Mr. Larkin. But that is not the point. Looking back on the run of events it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the English Labour men have behaved disingenuously—that their prudence may justly be called by another name. They would have nothing to do, it is true, with Mr. Larkin. It was well. But they loudly proclaimed the justice of the strikers' cause in Dublin, and they accepted the strikers' assurance that nothing less than the very life of trade unionism was threatened by the Dublin masters. Moreover, they sent food-ships and disbursed £85,000 in support of the strikers. A few weeks ago the cause of the Dublin strikers was, for the English leaders, the cause of trade unionism in Great Britain.

Then without a word supplies were stopped. The strike was seen to be failing—almost broken. We should have expected one of two things from the English leaders—either a confession that the just fight was lost, and that further support was therefore useless; or a confession that they had been mistaken from

the first and that supplies should never have been granted. But no statement was made. The Dublin strikers were left quietly in the lurch. The English Labour leaders just slipped out of the fight with £85,000 to the bad.

This conduct is not surprising in the English Labour party led by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. The policy of the English Labour party is always to shuffle away from labour to politics. Politics are easier. At the late Glasgow Parliament of Labour, where the policy of the English leaders towards the Dublin strikers should have been the theme of first importance, more noise was made about Mr. Churchill's estimates and General Botha's martial law than about any question vitally affecting English or Irish labour. Surely it is time the labour classes in England brought the Independent Labour Party to account. Are they not a little tired of Mr. Macdonald's one remedy for all human ills and grievances? Thousands of pounds have been wasted; but perhaps that does not matter. Mr. Macdonald still walks punctually into the Government lobby.

We should hardly call "Socialism" as it appears politically in England a "spiritual current". But Dean Inge, lecturing this week upon "The Main Spiritual Currents in Contemporary Thought", talked mainly of Socialism. Socialism parading to-day as a spiritual current is a lion in the fleece of a lamb; and we are glad to see that the Dean of St. Paul's is aware of this. He tells us he doubts very much whether Socialism is understood in England, or will ever get hold of the English people, except "as a machine for expropriating landlords and capitalists". Dean Inge said many wise and necessary things in his lecture. He strongly deprecated the invasion of the pulpit by politics—the shallow politics of the clergyman whose theological doctrine is too shaky to stand the test of frequent exposition. "Many Christian ministers", said the Dean, "find in politics a welcome refuge from preaching dogmas which they do not actually believe". He might have added that many politicians find the pulpit a convenient platform from which to give to their party utterances a more sacred character than they could hope to deserve on simple merits.

One portion of the Dean's address will particularly anger the "intellectual" Socialists. Beyond doubt Socialism must kill liberty, will reduce all minds to a pattern, and will be only susceptible of success if the State is rigidly organised and run by a committee of able despots. We have read and heard all the arguments whereby the Socialist proves on paper how Socialism will really make for more liberty—how Socialism is really a higher kind of individualism—but we are entirely unmoved. No ideal which depends upon organisation first and last can have any other result than to favour type at the expense of character. The Socialist ideal must make of every man a civil servant. Civil servants are a happy and an excellent kind of men—a desirable and a valuable class to have in society. A world entirely made up of civil servants is another matter.

We seem this week to see that alteration of the seasons which once ensued from the quarrel between Titania and Oberon:—

"And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mockery, set."

Winter, in these opening February days, is mocked indeed.

Dominion Building is well worth a visit now. Massive columns, Imperially vast, symbolic of indestructible endurance, have been hoisted into position, high against the sky, poised on a slender skeleton of steel. They suggest kinship with those dummy packets we see in tobacconists' shop windows.

LEADING ARTICLES.

GENERAL BOTHA'S WAY.

GENERAL BOTHA, careless of law, has sent the men who threatened the Union outside the Union. Was he justified? is the question everybody is asking, and a mass of irrelevant argument has been heard. It matters little whether these men were Labour leaders, Syndicalists, or Socialists; but it matters greatly whether they conspired to overthrow the State. In General Botha's opinion, they did so conspire; and, that being so, the steps he took as head of the Executive Government were none too severe. The first duty of any State is to live.

We still await full details of the deportations; but the long review which General Smuts has given the Union Parliament of the activities of these men in the past few months is sufficient to show how great was the danger. In July they caught the Government at a disadvantage, and terms had to be made. Neither General Botha nor General Smuts, embarrassed as they were by having to use Imperial troops to crush internal disorder, could do more than compromise with rebellion, and their difficulties emboldened the Rand Labour leaders to try again. Had General Botha been Mr. McKenna, it is quite possible that Poutsma and his accomplices would have won, and General Botha would himself have been deported.

The Union Government was faced at the same time by the Indian difficulty. Some of the criticism directed against their treatment of that question must be modified now it is shown that they were preoccupied with a far more serious matter. Quite clearly the Union Government knew what it was doing, and discriminated between one man and another in the Labour ranks. The nominal head of the miners' trade union was a weak official, carried away by the Syndicalists, as the trade unions of this country were carried away by Socialist organisers some years back. This man was neither arrested nor deported; he was not dangerous. Poutsma is of a different type. A Hollander who came to the Transvaal several years ago, he is a dangerous agitator who would go the whole way. Two at least of the others have published seditious pamphlets and have been imprisoned. These were the real leaders of the conspiracy; the remaining six or seven are said to be trade unionists of the ordinary pattern—inoffensive men who allowed themselves to be over-ruled. One may call them unfortunate or foolish if one will; but weak men who follow strong leaders must expect to pay the price of their associations.

When one is fighting revolution it is wise to adopt revolutionary methods and discuss procedure afterwards. Whether General Botha was theoretically justified or not in going outside the ordinary law, he was certainly justified by the result. A short way with Syndicalists was the only means of security for South Africa. He was not afraid of making martyrs of these men; such heroism as comes from political martyrdom will be theirs in England, a good six thousand miles from their old activities; and we in England are used to such things. Have not our Suffragettes already exhausted the pose? Nor was General Botha afraid of embarrassing his good friends, the Liberals of England, by his action. The safety of South Africa is more to him than the tribulations of a British Government of Liberals who doubt the blessings of Home Rule the moment they see Home Rule in action. As to the British Labour party, probably General Botha entirely forgot them. In any case, he would have been amused by a Labour party which, having hotly denounced Syndicalism as anarchy, tears a passion to tatters when Syndicalists are expelled from South Africa. Probably he remembers that the Labour party's protest against the suppression of the Rand strike last July was merely pretence, and fears them no more now than he did then.

But a debate on the position of the ten shrunken dictators will certainly take place at Westminster next week. Mr. Keir Hardie will hotly protest; and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will dare again to defend masterly inactivity as the only

true statecraft. It is a cruel trick of fate that brings such deeds to pass when a Liberal Government holds office. Had a Tory Government been in, what use would not the Radicals have made of these deportations to prove their love of Liberal principles. Nothing less than a vote of censure would have sufficed. But the position is not quite so simple as that.

Meantime, whatever Parliament may say, the world will await with some curiosity the defence of the ten deported men. They will have every opportunity. The Labour leaders will welcome them. Reporters will interview them. Photographers will pose them. The ten exiles will imagine themselves as important as the seven bishops or the five members. But what will they say?

If they rely on the right to picket, as one Labour leader has suggested, they will get scant attention. The right to picket is not popular in England just now; we have seen what it means. If they rely on the right to combine, as has also been suggested, the public will dismiss their case. Men have the right to combine to form a government where none exists, and where their lives and liberties are sore threatened; but no right to combine to overthrow a legitimate government already existing. If, on the other hand, they leave the question of their guilt or innocence open, and rely on the right of British subjects to a trial before punishment, then the world will listen. It is true that no formal charge was made against them. But they have been punished without charge brought or trial held, and with no prospect of either—for the Indemnity Bill covers the defendants—and from that point of view they have a grievance.

The main facts of the case are already clear, and opinion has gone against them. England approves General Botha's action. We recognise that the Rand miners have grievances, which may or may not be legitimate. The railwaymen also have grievances. But in neither case did these men wait for redress, although the Government appointed a Commission of Inquiry, which has now reported. Through their leaders they took the law into their own hands. Men who challenge the community to a trial of strength cannot complain if the community uses every means against them. Those who try to bring the community to a standstill discover that the community will answer the challenge. They cannot complain of having no remedy, for they have put themselves beyond the pale.

We have learnt the lesson on a small scale in the miserable coal-porters' strike, where the community took on the work of carrying coal itself. We learnt it on a slightly larger scale at Leeds when the municipal workers struck. Police were sufficient for our purpose. In South Africa troops were necessary, for the strikers, in challenging the rest of the community, indirectly tempted the blacks to issue a similar challenge against the whole European population. It is that fact which, in the long run, is the real justification of General Botha's action. The law is an instrument of civilisation, and he went outside the law because the men he had to deal with were ready to wreck civilisation to gain their ends.

THE COMING SESSION.

THE most momentous session of Parliament since the American secession begins on Tuesday. The debates will show whether the House of Commons is true to its old tradition—whether at a time of national emergency its members are still able to prefer national welfare to party interests. The Home Rule question in the last two sessions has suffered from the air of unreality given it by the Parliament Act. It was impossible to concentrate public attention on a measure which, plainly, could not be law for two years. The Government no doubt hoped the delay would wear out the opposition to the Bill; but it has done the opposite. During the interval the gravity of the crisis has been forced upon the public. The last stage of the Parliamentary conflict has come. If in this session the Government cannot get the assent of Mr. Redmond to the exclusion of Ulster, they will be forced to explain how they propose to deal with a

trained and armed force of 100,000 men prepared to go to extreme lengths.

The Liberal rank and file meanwhile have had an opportunity of testing the feeling of their constituents. Judge Atherley-Jones, in a remarkable article in this month's "Nineteenth Century", complains of the obedience the Cabinet exact from their supporters in the House of Commons. He pleads for the re-assertion of independent judgment. May his recent colleagues in the House of Commons take the lesson to heart! It remains to be seen whether the increasing weight of public opinion has had any effect upon the discipline of the Liberal party.

The report that the introduction of the Home Rule Bill will be postponed till the autumn has not yet been contradicted, but speculation is rife on the subject of Mr. Redmond's long interview with the Prime Minister and Mr. Birrell on Monday. It is rumoured that Mr. Redmond demurs to the proposal to put off the Home Rule Bill till the end of the session, that he considers the delay would endanger the fate of the Bill; and that he will not agree to it.

It would best serve the purpose of the Government to postpone the passage of the Home Rule Bill till late in the year. They would then go to the country early in 1915 before the Home Rule Act came into operation. As we have frequently pointed out, the leaders of the Cabinet appreciate the seriousness of the position in Ulster. In the last resort, sooner than face civil war, they will advise a dissolution. Mr. Asquith knows the Liberal Government could not survive the outbreak of civil war, that if the worst happens in Ulster the Liberal ministry is doomed, not only in the next Parliament, but for a generation. He will no doubt try to keep in office as long as possible to carry through the other measures in his programme. He would like to postpone the Home Rule Bill for as long as the Parliament Act permits. If meanwhile no compromise were found possible Mr. Asquith would risk a general election immediately after the passage of the Bill—no matter what his chances of success—in the hope that civil commotion would not break out before the country had given its verdict. Mr. Asquith hopes by this means to be able to fulfil his bargain with Mr. Redmond and yet to appeal to the electors before it is actually necessary to send troops to suppress a general rising in Ulster. The attempt to divert the attention of the electorate from Home Rule to the land question will be continued. The Liberal party at the last election prevented Home Rule from becoming a live issue by thrusting other matters upon the electors. They hope that they will again be able to put Home Rule in the background. Having passed the Bill, they would treat the Home Rule question as settled and would try to obscure the issue by an insidious land campaign. The proposal is ingenious and dishonest. But for its success it postulates a complacent Opposition and superhuman patience in Ulster. How long will it take the Government to realise that a national crisis of graver import than any within living memory is not to be settled out of hand by a series of electioneering tricks? It is not desirable to discuss here the courses which are open to the Opposition to frustrate it. The Parliament Act has not exhausted the safeguards of the constitution. We are confident the leaders of the Opposition will not allow the session to develop without a clear statement of the Government's intentions. Parliament must not pursue its normal course as if no crisis existed. The Government must be made to understand that at this time of national danger all but absolutely necessary business must give place to the Home Rule question. The increasing seriousness of public attention dates back to Lord Loreburn's weighty letter to the "Times" in September. The solemn warning of a Liberal ex-Lord Chancellor—a sincere Home Ruler—necessarily put an end to the Cabinet's policy of making light of Ulster's opposition. Since then the advocates of conciliation and compromise have worked hard to find a solution of the problem.

The Unionist party have shown themselves ready to make great concessions to avoid civil war. They

are prepared to consider a compromise if Ulster is excluded. They believe any sacrifice preferable to the outbreak of armed rebellion—not necessarily confined to Ireland.

The Government have not conceded one inch of principle. They suggest additional safeguards for Ulster, though they have been warned repeatedly that the North of Ireland attaches no value to any statutory safeguards so long as the machinery of Irish government is controlled by a Nationalist Parliament and executive. They know by the experience of their daily lives that their interests would not be safe in the hands of the Nationalist party and they place no trust in the efficacy of paper safeguards to protect them.

The Cabinet have failed to realise—or at any rate to admit—that the objection of Ulster to Home Rule is based on repugnance to the control of the Nationalist party in any way whatever.

The proposal to give Ulster increased representation in the Irish Parliament is of no value. So long as the Nationalist party are in a majority in the Irish House of Commons Ireland would be ruled by a Nationalist Cabinet—the Executive would be a Nationalist Executive—and the policy of the Irish Government would be dictated by the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The development of Cabinet autocracy in the last decade has put an end to the expression of independent opinion in the Imperial Parliament. In Ireland where party feeling and party ties are much stronger than in this country the Ulster Unionists would be powerless to modify oppression.

The proposal to give Ulster local government in matters of education and police touches only the fringe of the question. It does not affect the power of the National Executive to overtax the manufacturing population of the North for the benefit of the agricultural community in the rest of Ireland. It does not prevent the appointment of a corrupt and partisan judiciary. It places no obstacle in the way of the appointment of Nationalist nominees to all other public offices in Ulster. In short, the grant of limited powers of local government to Ulster does not remove the objection that the ruling power in Ireland would be antagonistic to Ulster's interests and would find means to express its animosity. Nor is allowance made for the fidelity of Ulster to the British connection: for their deep-rooted desire to remain on an equality with the people of Great Britain as free citizens of the United Kingdom. Instead, it is suggested that they should become "a degraded fragment of a tributary province". Who shall blame them if they refuse to be turned out?

THE GLASGOW TOCSIN.

THE signal feature of Mr. George's Glasgow speech was his renewed charge of fraud against the Duke of Sutherland. That passage holds the key to Mr. George's character. What is it we mean when we call him an agitator? What is the difference between agitation and statesmanship? The difference is that statesmanship aims at stimulating thought, agitation at creating prejudice. The aim of the Glasgow speech was to rouse an outburst of passion to overwhelm reflection. Only by preventing his hearers from thinking could he escape from his awkward situation. In his speeches in England he has laid great stress on the new Ministry of Lands which is to protect both farmers and landlords from the tyranny of the brutal oppressors who collect the rent. In Scotland the campaign cannot be fought on these lines, for the Scottish Land Act has already provided a substantial instalment of the blessings for which England is still hungrily waiting. In practice these blessings have proved rubbish, and Scottish Radical opinion has made up its mind that nothing but a tax on land values will do now. It was Mr. George's business to speak to a resolution embodying this idea. We doubt not that he would have been glad to accept it; perhaps some day he will accept it; but it happens to have been rejected by the Government. Hence his dilemma.

His way of escape lay through an appeal to prejudice craftily arranged. He put into the speech a little passage dealing with the question. It is not an illuminating passage. He rejected the full-blooded single-tax doctrine as impracticable. But to do nothing would involve the loss of many Scottish votes—a course delicately described as pusillanimous. Mr. George will fight boldly for office, and therefore proposes to make some change in the incidence of rates from buildings to land. But this is a poor sop to throw to rabid Radicalism, and he fell back on his familiar dodge of representing it as a sort of first step generally supported by opinion and unlikely to rouse much controversy. Whenever he is in difficulties with the management of his party he is moved to appreciate the advantages of settlement by consent.

We trust no Unionist will be moved by the Chancellor's appeal to blue-books and the past utterances of distinguished men. The case for the reform of the rating system is certainly overwhelming. It provides a financial instrument quite inadequate to the needs of modern local administration; and it conspicuously fails to levy an equitable toll on all forms of wealth. On the other hand, its defects are to some extent superficial. The rating system is very old and the evils of its incidence have been largely counteracted in process of time. It is this fact that is at the root of the difficulty of rating reform and has helped to perplex the Committees and Commissions appointed to deal with the question. In no department of public finance is the phenomenon which the economists have called the repercussion of taxation more apparent. When first Gladstone was Prime Minister he appointed a Committee to look into the real incidence of rates. The chairman was Goschen, then at the outset of his political career, and his brief draft report is a masterly statement of the nature of the problem, marked by clear common sense and sure financial knowledge. Of course, this document was not mentioned by Mr. George.

Under present conditions there is some transference of incidence from occupier to owner, but the case is made so complex by the multitude of special circumstances arising that no general rule can be laid down. The present rates thus have one of the qualities of a bad tax: they are uncertain. Whether they can be made certain by any reform of the system, as opposed to its abolition, is perhaps rather more doubtful than most English public men would be inclined to admit. But at least it is clear that reform on Mr. George's lines will not meet the needs of the case. What Mr. George called rating reform is really a dodge for saddling the cost of his extravagances on his political opponents. That is why we hope that no Unionist will be misled by the apparent moderation of this section of Mr. George's speech. That moderation was not due to a statesmanlike grasp of the complexities of the problem; it was simply an agitator's device for managing his audience.

Observe the cleverness of it. Mr. George's game was to get his meeting away from taxation of site values, about which he had nothing satisfactory to tell them, on to his chosen topic of the wickedness of landlords. Owing to the existence of the Scottish Land Act he could not bring out his cases of tyranny so effectively as on English platforms. So he got to the landlords through the rates. He just touched on the rates, by way of showing his audience that he knew what they wanted, and then passed straight on to expose the iniquities of a Duke. This led him to a piece of historical falsification meant to show that Scottish Dukes were all about the same, and, prejudice being now fairly roused, the meeting forgot all about the topic in which it was really interested and cheered a peroration hinting at the guillotine.

It all comes to this, that Mr. George pins his faith to attacking private property in land. Whether we accept the Government's proposals or not, we are invited to condemn our land system. Yet landlord Parliaments, as Mr. George would call them, made England a mighty State and a father of liberty

throughout the world. Mr. George's own bureaucratic methods would transform free Englishmen into well-tended pigs. The historic land system of England is still doing great work. In his most interesting speech a few days ago Lord Derby showed the problems before an owner of urban property and showed how a sense of responsibility to the public governs the spirit in which they are handled. It is this same sense of responsibility that expresses itself in the reforms now being made on the Duchy of Cornwall's Kennington property. The operation of the Government's land policy will make like reforms impossible. A London district can be remodelled now when the leases fall in. According to the Government leases will not fall in and property will remain untouched until it becomes a slum. Then the officials will take it in hand. Whether they will deal with it properly is another question. There is no better chapter in Mr. G. E. Raine's little book on the land than that in which he exposes the tyranny of the State as a landlord. Everybody knows that the smallholder, for instance, under the State is rented at a cruelly high figure. Reformers whose absurd cure for everything is nationalisation—that pitiable craze—would do well to study Mr. Raine's facts and figures.

Yet even this is a subordinate matter. The real justification of what is called landlordism lies in its atmosphere. The countryside has never been commercialised. It appears to distress Mr. George that Cobdenism—which has brought forth in season the boon of revolutionary Syndicalism—has never laid its grip upon the land. The labourer touches his hat to the squire. A disgusting survival of feudalism—says Mr. George—let us away with it! We are not so sure that feudalism is disgusting. The principle of feudalism was that every man had some quite definite duty to perform. We are glad to proclaim our belief in all the notions which shallow thought so readily condemns as obsolete—patriotism, the solidarity of the nation, mutual duty and mutual respect. We are not ready to sacrifice them for the crass millennium Mr. George offers us. At best it would only be a well-managed school of a mechanical type. Mr. George may wish to do good; but his idea of doing good is to crush his enemies. The curse of democracy is that it has been merciless in the use of its strength and has usually perished by its own intolerance. Mr. George, as we see him, is leading democracy here to destruction. There is a give and take in political life as well as in individual life, and that people is greatest which most persistently practises, with wisdom, compromise. Mr. George will have no compromise. He has all the intellectual vices of Robespierre, and he is doing his utmost to make the electorate as ill as himself. The aim of his speeches is to achieve injustice through prejudice.

MR. BALFOUR—PHILOSOPHER.

THE 1914 moiety of Mr. Balfour's twenty Glasgow lectures on Lord Gifford's foundation has now ended. These lectures have not exactly been an easy topic for dinner-table conversation, yet everybody has thought it a duty to pretend to have read the "Times" reports. A great advantage of England having been conquered and taken over by Scotland is that "la nation boutiquière"—a phrase, by the bye, much older than Napoleon—can go about its shop-keeping and leave its thinking to be done for it by others. The ancients dreamed of a philosopher-king. The Englishman is gratified to know that he may boast, imported from the North, a Lord Chancellor who understands Hegel and an ex-Prime Minister who can follow Caird as Gifford Lecturer—though, of course, they must keep their philosophy out of politics. Metaphysics was defined by Bowen as a blind man groping in a dark room for a black cat that is not there, and Mr. Balfour remarked pathetically the other day that the plain man thinks of philosophy, which should help us in our difficulties, as men quarrelling in an unknown tongue. "I too, Doctor", said John-

son's old Pembroke crony, Edwards, meeting him after fifty years, "have tried in my time to be a philosopher; but cheerfulness, I know not how, was always breaking in". Still, an Englishman is pleased to think that there are British statesmen who fight across the floor and yet wear in private the philosopher's cloak, much as an actress might like people to know she had an uncle who was an archdeacon. It would not be in her line, but it sounds respectable.

Mr. Balfour's reputation as a philosopher, and his grand seigneur, aristocratic Eton and Trinity manner, combined with his personal charm, always gave him, when he led his party, a hold over the imagination of his followers in the Commons which was not quite intelligible to the outer world. The amusing and really witty stinging-nettle who writes the "Sub Rosa" column in the "Daily News" recalls that Sir William Harcourt used to say, with a chuckle, "Arthur thinks we are a vulgar lot", and makes great fun of Mr. Balfour's lecture the other day on the "Category of Negligibility". "When he came up the floor after a division, he would hold up his eye-glasses and contemplate his followers in a manner that used to suggest the enquiry, 'And what have we here?'" "At the same time", we find him saying at Glasgow, "the lower animals depend upon habits, and form expectations for the future, and even a chick a few hours old can learn by habit what to expect in the way of the edibility of various kinds of food thrown to it". To the philosopher, as he observed, everything depends upon everything, and the whole world is an inter-related tissue of causes and effects. This is not exactly satisfactory to the puzzled party-man or to the man on the omnibus who suspects intellectual swells. Still, Mr. Balfour's relations to ordinary men have never really been *de haut en bas*, or otherwise than those of a very gentle perfect knight who happens to have a big brain. Each of the recent lectures was delivered from a few notes on the back of an envelope.

The subject was a high one—that of Theism. God may be regarded either as the subject of all predicates—according to which pantheistic view He is all evil things as well as all good ones; or as the predicate of all subjects—in which case He has no attributes at all, and we defecate Deity to a pure transparency; or thirdly, as the subject of some predicates, which logically involves His being the predicate of some subjects. God is some things, not all things, and some things—not, as the New Theology with its pinchbeck pantheism teaches, all things—are Divine. Mr. Balfour's way of putting this, however, is more epigrammatic. It is that God takes sides. We have nothing to do with the Absolute, but only with "the God whom a man may easily love and adore". If this standpoint is anthropomorphic, Mr. Balfour hopes to commit worse crimes. Belief in such a God, however, is the goal of his argument, and so not assumed among his premises. What is belief? There are, of course, axiomatic beliefs. There are also beliefs—scientific, ethical, aesthetic—which are inevitable, though not axiomatic. And thirdly, some beliefs rest on probability, which, in Bishop Butler's striking phrase, is the very guide of life. To such we are inclined, but not driven. On the other hand, we are morally responsible for not courageously acting on them. And only in a theistic setting, Mr. Balfour sets out to show, can any of these classes of beliefs be regarded as reasonable. He had been charged long ago, he observed during his fifth lecture, in a personal parenthesis which evoked sympathetic interest, with promoting scepticism in the interests of orthodoxy—as everything is illusory, we had better stick to the illusions which we find most agreeable. But his aim had always been to place belief in a framework of rationality.

Chief among inevitable beliefs is belief in the reality of the external world, on which Mr. Balfour's attitude seems to approach that of the old Scottish common-sense school. The outer world is a direct and immediate perception, and, though the theory of physicists concerning matter has radically changed in the last fifteen years the materials on which science works

are as real to it as chairs and tables to the plain man; otherwise all learning is futile. On the other hand, the cognitive series possesses none of the simplicity of the causal series. There is a chasm between brain and mind which is as yet neither bridged nor understood. The message from reality to mind goes through as many processes as a letter with a number of postmarks on it, and is influenced by association, memory, and other psychological forces. Unable then to say how we know, physical science acts unhesitatingly on the fact that we do know. In the class of probable beliefs—a subject inadequately treated by philosophers—Mill would put our belief in the regularity of succession among events, on which the brutes rely as much as we do. Mill teaches that we believe that a cause will be followed by a certain effect because our experience is of regularity—which Mr. Balfour questions. The irregular seems always to be happening, and had Kepler possessed better instruments, showing the deflexion of the planets from their orbits, he would never have arrived at his great generalisation of elliptical planetary motion. Experience, we might add, may convince us of the absence of known modifying causes—e.g., to prevent the sun rising to-morrow—but it cannot have given us the law of universal causation: that a cause is, unless modified, always followed by its effects—i.e., that a thing is always itself. That law, however, will only mislead if made the basis of so complex a science as sociology. Mill forgot that human life cannot be resolved into regular sequences. Physical science breaks up the world into separate strands and threads, treating what is outside its immediate purview as negligible. But for the study of humanity, crossed and re-crossed by the myriad agencies of free wills, nothing is negligible.

Similarly, Mr. Balfour dealt with the limitations of Darwinism. It is incredible that man's amazing powers of discourse, and of insight into areas of time and space with which he has no material interest, should have sprung out of the necessity of obtaining food and ousting others in the struggle for existence. The aesthetic and ethical emotions, again, have no survival value. Neither appreciation of loveliness nor self-sacrificing love have conduced to the survival of the fittest. We are not all vipers in a jar, each struggling to get its head uppermost. Could the sense of *Tò Kalón* have been evolved? Spencer believed that our emotion in presence of a great work of art or great heroism is explainable by the way our ape-like ancestors howled in moments of mental perturbation! Empiricism has further suggested that ideals of beauty may have grown out of infantile contact with the contour of a mother's breast. It was obvious to object that, if so, the aesthetic emotions would have been quite different if mankind had been reared on the feeding-bottle. But we are slightly straying from Mr. Balfour's lectures. Evolution of the ideal, he urges, is meaningless apart from consciousness. The heavens only declare the glory of God because there is a God and there are human consciousnesses. A universe sprung from and guided by blind chance has no glory. Recent advance of biological knowledge has strengthened the force of the argument from design, even though not in its old form, a thousandfold. Darwin may have shown how, given life and variation, design may be mimicked. But we cannot push this mimicry indefinitely backwards, nor yet forwards, for will and reason at any rate exist now. Even if mind could be conceived to be the offspring of matter, mind now holds the reins. Or put it thus. Suppose Mr. Balfour's Gifford lectures to have been evolved out of a primal gas, it does not follow that they are gassy or will conduce to nebulousity.

"PARSIFAL" IN LONDON.

THE first performance in London of "Parsifal" is an event to be chronicled and discussed; but it is not musically an event of immense importance. All musicians and most members of the musical public have for half a generation made up their minds about the

music of "Parsifal"; and, if they have not yet reached a conclusion about it, they are not likely suddenly to do so because its copyright has just expired. The immortal part of "Parsifal" has for thirty years belonged to any person who can read a score. Moreover, many pages of "Parsifal" are as familiar in the ears of popular London audiences as the best-read pages of Beethoven—certainly more familiar than a thousand virtually unknown pages of Bach or Haydn. As to the "story" of "Parsifal", it is already buried beneath its interpreters. But if the performance for the first time in London of the whole of a Wagnerian opera approximately as Wagner intended it does not justify the sudden ambition of many of our critics to re-write volumes of ancient history and to talk of Wagner as if he were a modern musical discovery, yet it is decidedly an event. It is an event of the same order and importance as the invention of railways. It brings "Parsifal" a little nearer.

Also it is an event that raises some serious questions, as many letters in this REVIEW have already testified. Wagner clearly intended "Parsifal" to stay for ever in Bayreuth. We have to ask ourselves whether this was a reasonable request for Wagner to make of posterity. Our answer to this question will naturally determine whether the authorities at Covent Garden were justified in disregarding the letter of Wagner's express desire. Is this production an act of vandalism, or is it a just deed in the name of music and commonsense?

It would surely be absurd to respect Wagner's intentions simply because they were his intentions. A man of genius cannot be allowed to do what he will with his own. If Wagner had solemnly enjoined his executors to burn all existing scores of "Parsifal"—either because it could never be worthily presented, or because it did not show Wagner at his greatest, or for any specious reason that happened at the moment to come into Wagner's head—surely in that case Wagner's executors would rightly have refused to comply with his desire. An artist no more has a testamentary right to annihilate his work than any common man has a testamentary right to require that his wife shall be slaughtered upon his tomb. It would be stupid of posterity, simply because it was so nominated in the bond, to reverence Wagner's testamentary disposal of "Parsifal". Wagner was forever wishing and intending, and forever changing his wishes and intentions. Had Wagner died a little earlier than he did die, and had posterity respected his wishes as they were then most clearly set forth, his music would never have been heard in the concert-room. Happily, however, Wagner, after having forbidden any musician ever to conduct his music in a concert-room, lived to conduct it in a concert-room himself. Who knows, if Wagner were alive to-day, whether he would not himself have wielded the stick in a performance of "Parsifal" at Covent Garden?

But Wagner had reasons for wishing that "Parsifal" should stay forever at Bayreuth. Should we not respect his reasons, even though we do not respect his wishes? The first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth was a high devotional festival. Wagner drew to the little town a company of pilgrims who for the time had left the world of noise and matter. He knew that for a reverent treatment of his music drama—wherein the traditional Christian miracle is wrought, wherein the chief inspiration is spiritual ecstasy—an audience must come together in a mood carefully prepared, in surroundings artfully contrived. Is there not so great a gulf fixed between Bayreuth and London that to transport "Parsifal" from one to the other must make of its performance a sacrilege?

Clearly, Wagner's reasons are to be respected. He was fundamentally right. At the same time, they do not weigh in the merits of this affair to-day. Bayreuth and London are not so far apart now as they were in 1882. Bayreuth has moved towards London. It is no longer a private shrine of devout pilgrims. It draws all kinds of people; and has quite a different atmosphere from that of thirty years ago. London, too, has moved towards Bayreuth. There was no audience for "Parsifal" in the London of 1882. To make of "Parsifal"

a stricken field between rival critics, as then it must have been, would have clearly been an indecent act. But far more important than this mutual approach of Bayreuth and London is the revolution which has overtaken the crafts of the stage since Wagner first produced "Parsifal". Much of what Wagner thought at that time necessary to the atmosphere he required for "Parsifal" is now felt to be either wholly unnecessary or actively damaging. It was Wagner the stage manager who required "Parsifal" to be produced only in Bayreuth; and Wagner as a stage-manager was a great baby with an unwholesome affection for painted cardboard and cheap mummery. Let it be granted that it really poisons the devotional atmosphere required for "Parsifal" that it should be transported from Bayreuth to London. Even so, we feel to-day that it far more seriously thwarts our will to receive the production in a devotional spirit that the theatrical traditions of Bayreuth, loyally followed at Covent Garden, are rarely commendable and often absurd. If Wagner were alive to-day, we are sure he would rather see "Parsifal" produced at Covent Garden with due regard for the progress of stagecraft in the last thirty years, than he would see it at Bayreuth with all the old ritual faithfully observed. It is straining at a gnat to condemn the transportation of "Parsifal" to London on the ground that it imperils in the audience the sentiment of reverence, while we continue to accept as manifestation of divine power Wagner's stage tricks inherited from Bayreuth. If the Covent Garden authorities have erred at all, they have erred in regarding with too great a respect Wagner's own ideas as to how an atmosphere may be aesthetically induced in the theatre.

We cannot, in a word, see any valid reason why the producers of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth should condemn the producers of "Parsifal" in London. Bayreuth has been faithful only to the letter of Wagner's intentions; and only by the letter can they establish their property to-day in Wagner's last achievement. Not only are the Covent Garden authorities justified in producing "Parsifal" in London: they would have failed in their duty to the London musical public had they neglected to do so.

THE TOP HAT MIND.

MOST people are conscious of the thing. The name may serve in default of a better. Some regard the top hat itself as doomed to death, and the news has just gone forth that 1914 is to be a disastrous year for it. Others think it no more fated to die than the Milk-White Hind. Such ugliness could never have survived, they argue, if it did not satisfy some immortal human craving. Be that as it may, it is certain that the Top Hat Mind is a reality. As in the case of other realities, it would be difficult to define it in a sentence. Perhaps it is, above everything, a protest against the complexity of things. It thirsts for a simple working theory of life. The Top Hat Mind has a reverence for righteousness, for things lovely and of good report. It is essentially conscientious. Unluckily, however, few things are harder than to distinguish the wheat from the tares. Hard enough when wheat is wheat and tares are tares; almost impossible for a myopic vision when the moral botanist is bound to recognise that most of the crop is composed of individuals with mixed wheat and tare characteristics in varying proportions.

The Top Hat Mind meets the difficulty in its own way. You cannot, it admits, infallibly tell at first sight whether a man is a decent fellow or a cad, a responsible person or a wastrel. But it is perfectly simple to observe whether he roofs himself with hard silk or soft felt. Spread, therefore, a cunning legend that people of respectability, responsibility, "level-headedness"—the things, in short, you chiefly prize—should on all possible occasions wear silk. Disseminate, also, the view that the wearing of bowlers or modified sombreros is a practice consistent with, and possibly consequent to and productive of, levity, doubt-

ful morality, irresponsibility, and a general disposition to ignore laws divine and human. Then the sheep will separate themselves automatically from the goats. By their heads shall ye know them. It may, of course, chance that some injustice may be done. It is just possible that a horrid yearning for green plush may co-exist with generally blameless character. Or the wicked may contrive to deceive the elect by the glossy assumption of a virtue they have not. But, on the whole, you are right, and you have saved yourself much trouble.

That, it may be supposed, was the philosophic basis of the touching faith once universal in the top hat as the "gentlemanly" and the "right" thing for the London wear of every responsible person, from a Cabinet Minister to a War Office clerk. Those were the two great virtues of the top hat—it was gentlemanly and it was responsible. It was at once a social and a business guarantee. It had one value in Pall Mall and another in Throgmorton Street. Westward it was *prima facie* evidence of some social standing. It impressed shopkeepers, made servants civil, subdued the native savagery of the cabman—at least, until he received his fare. There was a time when a stranger calling at a smart hotel or a private house in a bowler would be watched with unfriendly interest; in a good hat he was secure from suspicion of designs on umbrellas or overcoats. In the City the top hat implied integrity, stability, mysterious command of specie. It said soothingly to the client: "My owner has an immense knowledge of the market in Mexicans; he will not abscond with your balance; he is as safe as the Bank. Trust him. There is not a shinier hat, as you may judge for yourself, east of Temple Bar." Of course, in practice it was often found that the well-dressed stranger in the West End was a well-dressed fraud. The glossiest hats in the City often formed part of the stock-in-trade of a bucket shop. But the Top Hat Mind, in its various grades, never wavered in its faith. It took out its insurance policies, banked its money, conducted its speculations, married its daughters in a spirit of trust in the morally antiseptic influence of the top hat. It went on a railway journey with the more confidence because it saw the station-master at Paddington wearing a top hat with the gravity of a man with the weight of many engines on his mind. No statesman would have dared to flout public opinion by a flippant exhibition of straw or felt. Mr. Gladstone's trousers might be baggy and not too new. That was of little consequence. But the spell would have been broken at once had he walked down to the House of Commons in a bowler and a short jacket. It cannot even be imagined. And think of it, weep over it—the Prime Minister this week, last week, and the week before, has been snapshotted in a soft felt!

Why and how the top hat gained its commanding position as a sort of social and moral guarantor is not a little obscure. Its origin was not especially respectable; its immediate ancestor was a Child of the Revolution. Nor does the vision of Count D'Orsay, swaggering in the top hat of a later date, exactly suggest either monetary or moral responsibility. The silk hat, too, was not even a John Bull invention; it came to us from Florence by way of Paris. Perhaps Victorian Britain, with its love of decency and compromise, instinctively saw safety in a headgear whose very nature compels circumspection. The most reckless must be a little less reckless in a top hat; and rampant villainy can hardly escape wholly its subduing effect. That, possibly, was a chief recommendation to a generation that disliked too much human nature in man.

Pathetic must be the indecision of the Top Hat Mind to-day. It may—and does—retain its full faith in the essential lowness of the bowler, the jaunty malignity of the Tyrolean. But it can no longer cling to the grand simplicity of its classification of mankind. It was undisturbed by the decadent youths of the nineties, with their tendency to velvet and their crushed-strawberry ties. It would be equally disdainful of the "literary" rebels and anarchists of to-day, who

delight in brown shoes and yellow suits, which become vivid chestnut and glaring saffron whenever the nation goes into mourning. It has been so far impossible to discover why yellow should be specially favoured by all who aspire to wicked wit and profess subversive doctrine, but the fact remains that all the school of Mr. Bernard Shaw are outwardly of the colour of D'Artagnan's Gascon pony, which, it will be remembered, was "jaune de robe—une couleur fort connue en botanique mais jusqu'à présent fort rare chez les chevaux". These deliberate posers would not unsettle the Top Hat Mind. But unluckily it has to face more serious disturbance of its convictions. "Gentlemanly" people of the unimpeachable sort persist in wearing ungentlemanly hats. Men of undeniable millions go about openly and unabashed without the proper insignia of solid respectability. Judges sometimes arrive at the Law Courts in deplorably irresponsible hats. As for statesmen—well, that is best left alone. Small wonder that the Top Hat Mind sees, in this tendency to prefer comfort to pomp, a sign of national decadence, and quotes Gibbon to the effect that it was an evil day for Rome when its soldiers, complaining of the weight, obtained permission to lay aside their helmets. Is the "pusillanimous indolence" which jibs at the burden of the top hat an indication of the relaxation of British fibre?

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

SOCRATES AND A MINIMUM WAGE.

By A. D. GODLEY.

AS I was on my way from Athens into the deme of Acharnæ, it was my good fortune to meet my old friend, Phileleutheros. He had evidently heard some good news. Phileleutheros, I said, you look very cheerful; tell me, if you please, the reason of your gladness.

Reason enough, he said, for every good citizen to be pleased; have you not heard that a period of universal prosperity and happiness is about to begin?

No, indeed, I replied; no one had told me, and so I did not know. But now, I am sincerely delighted. To whom, then, do we owe this priceless gift of happiness?

To whom? Why, of course, to Georgos.

I thought, I said, that he had already done enough for us by giving all the poorer citizens two obols in exchange for four. It is certain that that made us all happy, because we set apart a sacred day to commemorate the law. Is it, then, something even greater than that?

Yes, Socrates, it is much greater. For he has now invented a plan which will bring happiness to all those who cultivate land.

That, Phileleutheros, may be difficult; for I have noticed that both the farmers who hold land and the hired labourers whom they employ are by nature discontented. So the plan must be something very ingenious indeed.

It is very plain and straightforward, Socrates; and what is more, it is Righteous. For Georgos will propose a law (and you know that when he proposes laws they are as good as passed already; because all who oppose Georgos, or try to correct his laws, are bad citizens and enemies of the State, and no one wishes to be that),—a law, I say, that whereas in the past many hired labourers have received only three drachmæ a day for wages, or even two, now everyone shall receive not less than four drachmæ a day from the farmer who employs him. Just think, Socrates! four drachmæ a day! Will not that bring happiness?

I am not quite sure, I replied, that it will bring happiness to the farmer who has to pay; and, perhaps, it may not even bring happiness to all the hired labourers.

What! he exclaimed; not to the labourers? I do not understand you.

Why, Phileleutheros, I said, I am not, may the Gods be praised! a farmer. But if I were, and were

commanded by Georgos to obey such a law, I might argue in some such way as this:—O Georgos, I am not very rich; I cannot afford to pay more than eighteen drachmae a day, altogether, to my labourers, who are six in number; if you, then, by your law command me to pay each labourer four drachmae a day, I must so arrange the work of my farm as to employ only four labourers; as for the remaining two, I shall pour oil on their heads and advise them to repair without delay to the city of Jericho among the Syrians, or to any place where men receive higher wages than their employers can pay. And if the two can find employment in Jericho, well; but if not, then, I fear, O Georgos (I would say to him), that they, at least, will not be happy; unless, indeed, you can make them paid members of the Boulé, or place them among the officials for the inspection of land. That is how I should argue.

Very likely, said Phileleutheros; but remember that Georgos would make a law that you must not dismiss anybody.

In that case, O Phileleutheros, I should be bankrupt; unless, perhaps, Georgos passed a law forbidding that also.

Socrates, he said, you are like the man of Abdera, who discovered a nest of horses in the branches of a tree. In reality, none of these terrible things will happen; because we shall release the farmer from the rent which he pays to the landlord who owns the farm.

Then the landlord, I said, will not be happy. And I thought everyone was to be happy.

Not landlords, Socrates. That is understood by all good men.

Because the landowners are rich?

Yes; because they are rich; and because in a properly constituted State it is not fitting that some should be rich and others poor.

Then it is wrong to be rich, and a good legislator will abolish the rich.

Certainly he will.

By putting them to death?

No, Socrates; though that would not be very unjust.

How, then, is it to be accomplished with justice?

Why, Socrates, by such just and humane methods as taking their land from them, or causing them to pay taxes till they are no longer rich.

But if you have no rich men, who will pay taxes to the State? For you will have killed (as they say) the goose that laid the golden eggs.

I do not understand you, Socrates. We are not talking about geese.

I thought, I replied, that we were. But never mind; where is the money, which the State requires, to come from? For the rulers cannot govern without money; they have to provide ships for the Navy, and wages for members of the Boulé, and pay for those who are too old to work, and all sorts of things.

Why, the farmer will pay rent no longer to the landlord, but to the State.

Oho! I said. Then he will be no better off than before.

Yes, Socrates, he will; for it will be a smaller rent.

It cannot be small, I said, for money must be obtained, and there will be no rich men any longer to pay taxes.

Then, he replied, we will tax the farmer.

If you do, I said, he will be as ill off as ever; he will not have enough left to pay the four drachmae; so he will be bankrupt again. So now you will have got rid of both the landlord and the farmer.

Exactly, Socrates; and if that happens I daresay we shall be happier than ever. For then the State will undertake the whole business of owning and cultivating land; and it will employ labourers itself.

Paying them four drachmae a day?

Certainly; and perhaps even more, if they will vote to keep Georgos and his friends in power.

Out of what money will the State pay the labourers?

Out of taxes.

But we have abolished the rich landlord, and the farmer; who will pay your taxes?

Why, I suppose, the labourer.

And the taxes must be heavy; otherwise the State will not have money to pay the four drachmae. So, in order that he may receive his increased wages, he will have to pay increased taxes; and he will be receiving in reality about what he receives at present. Yet, you say, the labourer will be happy.

Undoubtedly he will, Socrates; Georgos has told us so.

It appears, then, I said, that when he receives wages because of Georgos' law, he is happy; but when he receives the same wages without Georgos' law, he is not happy, and the country is not in a good condition.

Ridiculous quibbles! said Phileleutheros. How can you expect people to be happy as long as you go about corrupting their minds with your arguments?

Phileleutheros, I said, I do not expect it in the least.

THE MIRACLE OF THE BRONTES.*

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

GENIUS we know can do without experience in some fields at least of art and action. In poetry, for example, the thing is proven; where with the early work of Shelley and Keats—and marvellously with Chatterton—it has started up its worlds of imagery “self-raised and all perfect like the palace of Aladdin”. But equally is it sure that in other fields not even genius can avail without knowledge or experience. A man can be a great poet without being schooled in life or learning. He could not, on the other hand, be a good historian or a good natural historian. Nor is it credible that he could be a great dramatist without study in the actual school of life. Can he excel, can he create even anything of real and lasting worth in the form of fiction—a novel—without a training in life's school? If we look into the matter it certainly seems as if great fiction—good fiction even—must be almost as completely out of the power of genius wanting experience as is history. How can a man write anything worth considering about life and character until he has had the chance to see and know life and to examine into character—until these things have been powerfully borne in upon him through personal experience? The case against genius minus experience in fiction looks almost as overwhelming as the case against genius minus experience in, say, history or geology. How can imagination in this field, though its part is so great, make up for the absence of knowledge? Yet one turns to the two great novels of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, and the whole case against genius independent of experience of life is at once swept away.

“Jane Eyre” and “Wuthering Heights”, two masterpieces in the fiction of the world, were made on the strength of an experience of men and women and of the world and of character which in quantity really amounted to next to nothing. Countless thousands of people who pass fairly uneventful lives and are not very observant must yet have seen and heard and known ten times as much as the Brontës had seen and heard and known when they wrote those books; and, what is more, of these a considerable number have engaged in fiction and achieved nothing that deserves a better fate than what is brutally known in the book trade as pulping. Mrs. Chadwick has written a book of five hundred pages on the miracle of the Brontës. It is an undertaking whose pains amaze—and perhaps ought to shame—one. She surely takes us to every conceivable place and introduces us to every conceivable person concerned, directly or indirectly, with Charlotte and Emily Brontë! And here I may take the chance to say I do not agree that with the Brontës it's another case of Shakespeare is Bacon or Bacon Shakespeare. My view is that Charlotte wrote “Jane Eyre”, Emily “Wuthering Heights”.

“I am Heathcliff”, says Catherine in perhaps the most magic words in the entire Brontë literature: really Mr. Malham-Dembleby, author of the “Key

*“In the Footsteps of the Brontës.” By Ellis H. Chadwick. Pitman. 16s.

to the Brontë Works", who has been corresponding with *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, seems almost ready to make not only Emily but Charlotte into the bargain confess, "I am Frederic Montagu". Mr. Cust, in the articles printed in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* lately, argues the case against Emily with judgment and distinction, and with moderation, too; but one cannot possibly follow him in this particular matter—for one thing, the literary form of the two books is quite different. Both are charged with passion, but it is not the same passion. The passion of "Wuthering Heights" is far more rapt away from ordinary feeling, from the sexual emotion of strong men and women, than the passion of "Jane Eyre", which seems nothing if not intensely human.

No, Emily wrote "Wuthering Heights", Shakespeare wrote the plays, Chatterton wrote "Rowley". Nothing shall rob these three glorious children of the gods of their immortality.

Mrs. Chadwick, toiling, then, in the fields of Haworth and elsewhere, has garnered a big pile of facts bearing on the Brontës. But, alas, she cannot tell us the thing that supremely matters, the thing that one would gladly forfeit all the Héger letters and half the Brontë sisters' whole output to know exactly and for sure—namely, how were Charlotte and Emily, with such a narrow experience of life, of the world, able to build two such mighty books on life? Mighty beyond the faintest shade of a doubt the books are. Mrs. Chadwick puts them in the scale against each other, rather rashly. She discovers in "Wuthering Heights" the rarer work of genius. She appears to find Emily more spiritual than Charlotte. It is very probable. Certainly Jane Eyre and Rochester loved with the body, an absorbing and consuming love. They wanted each other with a cruel hunger. One is not sure, but has a shrewd suspicion that nicely behaved people—male and female prudes alike—on the whole would be more offended by the fierce appetite of Rochester at least than by the fierce appetite of Heathcliff or of Catherine; the truth is there is not quite so much sense of reality, of flesh and bones and blood, about the Catherine and Heathcliff affair as about the Jane and Rochester. Heathcliff's and Catherine's love is more demonic than human. Heathcliff and Catherine and the moor make a poem, a lovely poem, wind-wild, pure as a moorland flower, more purged of the sensual emotion than the affair of Rochester. They seem more to live in the atmosphere of Morton than of Thornfield. And then, besides, we know the proper-minded people actually did turn away their eyes from the wicked spectacle of a man with a wife trying to go off with a young woman—and a governess, too! The "wife", it is true, was a howling maniac, whom only a barbarous and immoral convention, about on a par with suttee, forced the wretched man to regard himself as married to; but no matter, convention ruled that he must be held up to opprobrium as at heart a bigamist. The wonder is, indeed, that the proper-minded ones have ever allowed that book of the would-be bigamist to stain their shelves at all.

"Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights" are mighty with all their crudities and many defects. Rochester is perilously near a "Bow Bells" or "Family Herald" hero; the drawing-room scenes, the charades, and so forth, tremble on the verge of servant-maid romance. Heathcliff is a monster, no light and shade playing about him, but a downright wicked fellow, a black hero, with a stock of naughty words that ought to shock one, but which too often make one yawn; whilst as to the much-talked-of dream and the child's wrist drawn across the broken window and Heathcliff's rather absurd intervention in his night-shirt with a black-heroic "God confound you, Mr. Lockwood"—how immeasurably less it is than Wandering Wullie's dream and tale in "Redgauntlet"! Yet the passion, the intensity of both stories saves everything. All through we feel the touch of a tremendous force. How was it struck? At the anvil where Blake pictured the tiger's claws wrought out?

My idea of it is that it came out of the deeps. The experience of the Brontës was narrow, but narrow ways can be passing deep. The Brontës knew something of an abyss that can be harsher than death, the abyss of the mind-forged manacles. It is the pit well known to certain intense natures, and is often full of the forms and warnings of madness and of the despair that cannot even gnash. It is a pit into which the vast majority of people, rich and poor, old and young, educated and uneducated alike, have never peeped, and it has nothing to do with questions of bread and meat and a living wage, and so on; for it is purely a thing of the inner, the abysmal personality. It is a produce of the diseased mind, one may be told by a superior person or physician—and quite likely the person or physician is right enough there. The pit in which such distraught, diseased minds often move is, anyhow, sometimes a rare quickener and brightener of genius; and, in the case of those like the Brontës whose gifts are forced out in youth it can make a very little experience go a long way. It seems to have produced the wonderful poem of *Ælla*. It is an alcahest that out of even a small measure of what with others is base metal can create the finest gold.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

By JOHN PALMER.

I AM not usually able to write about Sir Herbert Tree dispassionately, as a critic should. When a manager lays rude hands upon Shakespeare or the Hebrew poets I become quite incapable of judgment. I just fly into a passion, and wonder why, in the name of art and letters, no one has yet been assassinated. It is a little humiliating for the mere artist to reflect that, though for religion and politics men have been willing to commit murder and to die, no one has ever dreamed of doing anything of the kind for art. People, it is true, have attempted to spoil pictures in the public galleries of Great Britain; but this was not because the pictures were bad; but for reasons entirely irrelevant to the deed. No one has ever yet mutilated or blown up a bad statue, or obliterated a bad picture for art's sake. Statues have been mutilated for political reasons (I seem to remember that Alcibiades was suspected). Statues, as Mr. Jacob Epstein will tell you, have been mutilated for moral reasons. Similarly, images of the gods have been thrown down; poets and musicians have been banished, or even put to death. But the images of the gods were thrown down, not because they were bad images, but because they were images of bad gods; and the poets and musicians were banished, not because they were bad poets and musicians, but because they were socialists and revolutionaries. The only poet I have ever heard of who was torn to pieces for his bad verses was the unfortunate Cinna; and I have never been able to think evil of the Roman populace in the time of Cæsar since that excellent deed came under my notice in Shakespeare's play.

To resume—I am glad to be talking this week of Sir Herbert Tree's "The Darling of the Gods". Here is a play which raises no instinctive, uncritical fury. For the first time I can quite coolly discuss a production at His Majesty's Theatre. "The Darling of the Gods" outrages no deep convictions or sentiments. The play, indeed, raises no emotion of any kind. It is negligible. It is to me a matter of entire indifference how Sir Herbert Tree chooses to stage it, to dress it, to produce it, to stage-manage it. It would not disturb the evenness of my critical temper if the characters were to enter upon all-fours, or talk pictorially like the people Gulliver met in Laputa. Fortified by a complete lack of interest in the play, therefore, I am able this week to focus my attention upon Sir Herbert Tree in a thoroughly amiable and appreciative frame of mind.

I can now perceive quite clearly what through all my former fury was continually suspected—namely, that Sir Herbert Tree could easily, if he cared, be the first comic actor of our stage. I cannot in this article fully define the qualities of true comedy. Comedy, in

brief, is the thing that Molière wrote, and that no true Englishman will ever write—a vision of the world as it appears to an entirely reasonable person. Comedy is intellectual sanity, an instinctive love of moderation and the golden mean, a view of life that turns all ungoverned passion to ridicule and out of the excess of any quality makes laughter for the observer. Comedy is cold intelligence, a world where Hamlet is accounted mad, where Othello with his passion could never come, where nothing of Falstaff but his agility and wit survives, where the spectator laughs at fools, instead of recognising them for his brothers, where—

But this is not an essay on comedy. Sir Herbert Tree's methods as an actor, his bent as an artist, his temperament as a man, his born way of seeing men and events—all these things cry out that here is one who should regard himself always as a vehicle for comedy. His art as an actor is made up of precisely those deft, cumulative and reasoned touches of which all comic art is wrought. His extraordinarily expressive and mobile face is, ideally, the comic mask. It is against Nature to twist it into the shapes of tragedy. It reflects always the alert and active brain, and the alert and active brain is yet another definition of comedy. Watch Sir Herbert Tree quite dispassionately in his present rôle of the wicked Japanese nobleman. Measure his enormous cleverness and ingenuity—the hundred sly devices whereby he edits the rubbish of his part into quite an interesting pyrotechnic display of precisely the sort of technique required for pure comedy. Then ask yourself why Sir Herbert Tree gives to the maltreatment of Shakespeare what was meant for the pleasure of all who are able to face the sunlight of Molière.

Is it that Sir Herbert Tree, with a perversity common to many men of art, has but a slight regard for the thing he does easily and well? Reasonably modest men tend to ensue accomplishment in the things that lie out of their province, taking for granted and counting of small value the things that are done without effort. A man who can act like a genius is often prouder of having painted an indifferent picture than of having perfectly filled a great rôle. A man who can write wonderful prose is often discovered to be more interested in amateur efforts to compose musical preludes in a scale of his own devising than in his mastered accomplishment of suitably expressing himself in words. A musician is often found to be in a heaven higher than music has ever taken him on the strength of having achieved on canvas an arrangement of colour which faintly resembles something he has conscientiously tried to see through somebody else's spectacles. Similarly, Sir Herbert Tree, by reason of his having, on the stage, felt something like a murderer or a jealous husband, is proud of his Macbeth and his Othello—is proud of his unsuccessful efforts as an actor to convey passions of tragedy—and refuses to reconcile himself to the career of comic genius to which his planets so unmistakably have summoned him.

Or perhaps it is that Sir Herbert Tree lives in London, and that he knows full well how impossible it is for a comic genius to reach the heads of an English audience. English people, when they come to the theatre, leave their heads in the cloakroom and enlarge their hearts. They desire not to be reasonable; not to enjoy the play of intellect upon character; the art which makes its appeal in touches definite and precise; the method which is perpetually busy with detail. They like rather all that is suggestive, indefinite and dæmonic; all that speaks straight to the emotions and plays darkly upon the imagination. They love the barbarian Shakespeare (they would love him if ever they obtained him)—the barbarian whom Voltaire and every good Frenchman after him found insufferable. Possibly, then, Sir Herbert, living in London, finds it necessary to go against the grain of his nature—finds it necessary, though he has in him the obscured genius of a Coquelin, to play down to English sentiment and love of preposterous romance. If this be really so, Sir Herbert Tree is equally a comic genius and a tragic figure.

Surely there is a remedy. Let Sir Herbert Tree naturalise himself in Paris. Let him become the countryman of Molière. Since comedy, a French invention, cannot be adapted, translated, or by any means be enabled to live upon English soil, let Sir Herbert Tree obey the call of his genius and declaim Alexandrines to the Parisians. As to His Majesty's Theatre, let Sir Herbert Tree make of it a free gift to the English nation as an atonement for all that Shakespeare has had to suffer within its walls. Let it be a condition of the gift that Shakespeare's plays shall be continually performed in His Majesty's Theatre as Shakespeare wrote them, and fitted to the stage for which Shakespeare intended them.

SULLIVAN OPERA IN THE WEST.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

WHEN one strays to the West Country, and finds oneself in a city of literary and historic associations such as Bath, the need of a guide is felt. So far as music was concerned, on my first day there I drew, so to speak, a blank; and, full of ambition, went off to find the spots haunted by the shades of Sheridan, Miss Linley, Beau Nash, and the rest. But the tortuous narrow streets baffled me; and in the course of an afternoon I learnt to be content if I could go from the Pump-room to the Abbey without asking for directions. Bath seems to be a city of military men and ladies of the retired, if not retiring, sort. That music, especially modern music, should flourish in such an atmosphere is hardly to be expected; and, indeed, it is a stunted growth. So far as I could gather, Sullivan's "Golden Legend" appears to be regarded as the last word. When I wrote last year about music in Brighton and the brilliant achievements of Mr. Lyell-Taylor there I had to deal with music given in a set of widely different conditions. The municipal orchestra is a necessity to Brighton, and since that town is a suburb of or annexe to London, the most modern music is demanded and rightly appreciated there; the perpetual flow of visitors, providing continually changing audiences, preserves conductor and orchestra from any danger of getting stale. But sleepy Bath! It has its quota of annual visitants, most of them elderly, who go to drink disagreeable warm water; it is no place for young people or those who can fleet the time carelessly and enjoy having their nerves titillated by Tschaiowsky and Strauss. I have never seen anyone wearing a wig in the Pump-room, but when I sat at a concert the other afternoon such an apparition would scarce have surprised me; only a wig and a Haydn symphony were needed to transport one, as on an Aladdin's carpet, back into the eighteenth century. Strauss would have been sacrilege, Tschaiowsky an outrage, Debussy like a stupid joke in a solemn sermon. Of course these composers are represented sometimes, but they are not clamoured for as they would be if Mr. Lyell-Taylor did not play them at Brighton. Of course, also, there is young life in Brighton; there are many music-lovers who are not prematurely aged before turning thirty. But on the one hand the Pump-room and Assembly rooms repel them, and, on the other, for years past Bristol has attracted them. Practically Bristol is as close to Bath as the Queen's Hall to Streatham; and the dominating personality of Mr. Risely and the magnificent results he achieved for many years drew away all Bath's brightest spirits. They were not, and are not, satisfied with choral society committees largely made up of fogies who shake their pates at the mere notion of performing so daring a manufacture as "The Golden Legend". In fact, that concoction would seem to be tolerated only because its composer was also the composer of "The Mikado".

By chance, even as I was ruminating somewhat in this vein, my eye was caught by a poster—the D'Oyly Carte company was playing at the Theatre Royal. Here was an opportunity not to be lost. Nothing is more salutary for a musical critic than the experience of hearing again music which he has long ago heard and dismissed with some pontifical utterance.

To burn one's boats is fatal. When a process of mental ossification sets in a man's usefulness as a critic has ended: "What I have said I have said", he proudly declares, and ceases to be able to understand, even to wish to understand, anything new; the earth is no longer green and pleasant, but drab, and life—which, of course, is nearly wholly made up of music—has lost its savour. Preserve me from such a fate! Mr. Ernest Newman, by the way, implies that it has already befallen me, and my consolation is that a very able critic, Mr. Gerald Cumberland, levels the same accusation at Mr. Newman. Long ago I revised, in these columns, some of my older judgments on Verdi, and now I wish slightly to modify opinions formerly expressed here about Sullivan. But, I may say, I do not expect the reader to be engrossed by fragments of an autobiography; my main purpose is to point out what is wrong with present-day comic opera, and this can most easily be done by showing precisely where I was wrong about Sullivan. It is long since Mackenzie's "His Majesty" ignominiously collapsed; since then many similar attempts have similarly failed; last we have heard Strauss's "Die Rosenkavalier", which I pronounced a failure and other critics a striking success. And lately I enjoyed the privilege of hearing a rehearsal of a new work which will shortly be produced. Withholding for the moment criticism of this, I shall content myself with remarking that its faults are the faults of all later comic operas.

The D'Oyly Carte company, then, admirably conducted by Mr. Walter Hann, gave a brilliant and finished representation of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury". It is not advisable to inflict a detailed criticism of these venerable achievements upon readers who are possibly much better acquainted with them than I am. To come to the point at once, I realised that my former mistake lay in approaching them from the wrong side. My feelings about the music, *qua* music, remain unaltered. It is thin, colourless, and not to be placed in the same category as Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" or "Flight from the Seraglio". But Sullivan never attempted to rival Mozart, nor even to imitate him; he knew perfectly well what he was doing, and in judging him by the Mozart standard and declaring he had failed I simply blamed him for not accomplishing something he had never tried to do, and moreover never wished to do. Mozart's jests do, indeed, scald—when he jests at all—like tears; but how seldom did he jest! He took the libretto as it was handed to him, and poured over it a flood of the most beautiful melody ever created. The words and situations may or may not be funny, according to our notions of what is fun; but the tide of endlessly varied and always lovely music sweeps on; and its poignancy is added to by the mere fact that it is never more lovely than in positively grotesque and absurd scenes. Only at times did he parody the tricks of theatre music—those tricks of which he was a consummate master, and used to such noble ends in "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute". His music never impedes the action, but, beyond taking care as to that, he might almost be said to disregard the words and action altogether. Sullivan set himself a quite different task. His aim was to make the most of the words, never to swamp them with his music; but, on the contrary, to make it subordinate to them. With his magnificent gift of sheer musicianship, he could have indulged in gorgeous orchestration; he was a master of counterpoint, and could have given the world scores rivalling in intricacy those of Strauss. Before he had spoiled himself for writing the greatest kind of music by years of adapting his tunes to Gilbert's verses he might have composed fine melodies and pungent themes. But he deliberately yoked his Pegasus to Gilbert's car: he was perfectly aware that the Savoy operas were "Gilbert and Sullivan", not "Sullivan and Gilbert". (The ethical question does not concern me; I am occupied only with what he did, not why he did it. Perhaps at heart he distrusted his powers; perhaps the temptation to earn money easily and rapidly was too strong; perhaps his ill-health had something to do with it. It is all one

to me.) Hence the thin instrumentation and the thinner melodies. Every point in the libretto is emphasised in a refined way; Gilbert's t's are crossed and i's dotted. The music never comes between the farce and the audience; everything could be understood at once; and we have a series of light operas which no one has been able to imitate successfully, which hold the stage, and may be enjoyed by all who do not go, as I went in bygone times, expecting opera in the grand manner.

The mistake I then made has been made by all composers who followed Sullivan and were not content to mimic him. None of them has been content to lay aside his robe of technique and learning; none has willingly allowed the librettist to be cock of the walk. When I called "His Majesty" a comic oratorio I exactly described the music. Mackenzie was far too much of a musician, far too proud of his musicianship, to trust to his librettists carrying the thing through, while helping them as far as he could. Take, again, "Die Rosenkavalier". Precious little fun or genuine comedy can be found in that ponderous work; but what there is the web of music completely smothered. "Ariadne in Naxos" has the same fault. Scored, as it is, for a miniature orchestra, all the music is far too serious. The new opera I have referred to is in the same plight. All these composers of light opera are in the same boat; all stand far too much on their dignity; they would win the prize of popularity without paying the price of self-abnegation. Mr. Clutsam, with his "Summer Night", is not of them; he is his own librettist, and in putting down his words he knew precisely the sort of music he wished to set them to. Yet even his orchestration is too fussy and takes away one's attention from the stage. The truth is one should not attempt light opera unless one possesses the genius for it. And perhaps Gilbert and Sullivan did the thing once for all: unto each generation the sort of comedy, musical or other, that it wants, and it must be written by men who are really and truly of the generation. The merit of Gilbert and Sullivan, and the secret of their success, is that they did something new and belonged so completely to the 'seventies that their strokes were infallible. We have plenty of good composers who could write light music, but they must remember that they belong to the twentieth century and not ape the nineteenth.

Meantime the Gilbert and Sullivan operas exactly suit the taste of Bath. They are humorous, they make no demand on the intelligence, the tunes are piquant and catchy—chiefly because of their rhythms—they are in "good taste". What more could a retired colonel ask for?

A very few words can be devoted to-day to Schönberg and Mahler. With regard to the first, it would be unfair to him and to myself if I pretended to have formed an opinion. He may be an unspeakable charlatan; further hearings of what he calls his music may convince me that he is a fine and original composer; all I can say at present is that I can detect neither beauty nor significance in the combinations of sounds and noises he draws from the orchestra. Mahler, on the other hand, wrote like a musician, and is readily understandable. His "Song of the Earth" has one terrible fault, its monotony; but some of the six numbers into which it is divided are highly expressive. Miss Doris Woodall and Mr. Gervase Elwes both sang superbly. Before I can say more about Mahler's music I must hear more of it and put myself in a position to pass judgment on it. Little has yet been heard in England; but the success of Saturday's production at Queen's Hall may induce Sir Henry Wood to venture again.

"Parsifal" in London is in one sense a matter of great importance: in another sense it is not. The performances at Covent Garden will enlighten thousands who had only heard of the opera as a quasi-sacred (the only phrase that will serve) work to be listened to with reverence and devotion. Everything possible is done, and I heartily congratulate the management on the excellent singers they have secured. On Wednesday evening I realised that I had never

before heard a complete cast of perfect singers in the work; for the first time every part was superbly sung—not yawped in the style that alone pleases the ears of the Wagner family in Bayreuth. In my next article I shall have more to say about these representations. Concerning the opera, I have nothing to add to the much I have already written; but the interpretation demands more careful and lengthy attention than it can be given here to-day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE BRINK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cultra Manor, Co. Down.

4 February 1914.

SIR,—I wonder how many of your readers realise the fact that in Ulster we are on the brink of a civil war, which will have far-reaching consequences. Let me give you a few facts with regard to which the English public seems to be extraordinarily ignorant.

The Protestant industrial and agricultural population of Ulster are determined not to submit to a Dublin Roman Catholic Parliament and Executive. Our preparations for maintaining our position as Protestant citizens of a United Kingdom have kept pace with the progress through the House of Commons of the Bill, under which we are threatened with their deprivation, and any attempt to coerce Ulster into submission will be resisted, regardless of consequences, by all the means at our disposal. Are our fellow countrymen in England, Scotland, and Wales going to wait in apathetic indifference until Mr. Asquith's Coalition Government, by order of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin, begins to shoot down our husbands and sons, Protestant subjects of the King, whose only crime is their loyalty, and who will be fighting under the Union Jack of England? That they will fight you may be certain.

For the last two years the men of the district where I live have been regularly drilling and learning to shoot under competent instructors, with miniature and Service rifles; they are well supplied with arms and ammunition, all of which is carefully concealed and guarded; and any attempt to confiscate them will precipitate the conflict. This district furnishes the 1st Battalion of the North Down Regiment, whose various companies I have constantly seen marching and drilling. The Signalling, Ambulance, and Motor Cycle Despatch Riding Corps are well organised and thoroughly efficient. This has been stated by military men, who have had an opportunity of seeing them at work. Similar regiments are to be found all over Ulster, constituting a force of 100,000 men. In the ranks are to be found men of all classes, country gentlemen, merchants, professional men, artisans, and labourers, and of all Protestant creeds, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists. The women on their side have not been idle, they are animated by the same spirit as the men. They have been trained in first aid and hospital nursing by experienced medical officers, and at the present moment are busy organising ambulance classes in various centres both town and country. All this shows the earnestness and the stern reality of the threatened resistance. Will the British public realise before it is too late the awful gravity of the present situation?

BERTHA J. KENNEDY.

THE DEPORTATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18, Winchester Road,

Swiss Cottage, Hampstead, N.W.,

2 February 1914.

SIR,—I fear the indignation displayed by the "comrades" whom you refer to as the "English Labour Party" concerning the deportation from South Africa of the ten Syndicalists is not entirely uninfluenced by the present congested state of the labour agitating profession. Since our law-makers decided that their services were worth £400 a year, and the Government appointed a large number of "comrades" to fat billets in the Civil Service, the Labourite profession has become excessively over-

crowded, and the capacity of the English manual labouring class for supporting all the Celtic gentlemen who desire to lead, or represent it, has long since passed its limits. The leading members of the profession, of course, continue to do fairly well, but the smaller fry have a hard struggle for existence. Many of the Celtic fringers are to be seen wearing a fringe to their trousers, and have got into trouble with the halfpenny journalists' union by contributing "blackleg" articles to the "Daily Mail", "Daily News", and other newspaper organs of the "wage slaves". General Botha's action in shipping nine Celtic Syndicalists and one Dutchman to this unfortunate country will, of course, accentuate the evil. It is hardly likely that the exported martyrs will care to go to work here, as wage slavery is a thing they despise, as fitted only for "niggers" and Englishmen. At the same time they cannot be left to starve. Seats in the new Parliament will have to be found for them somehow. Although they all profess violent hatred for the Old Country, and at least one of their number, a Scot, fought against us in the Boer War, they are no more likely to turn up their noses at £400 a year of the British tax-payers' money than their fellow Celts. Now to provide them all with safe seats would involve the retirement of 10 of the present occupants of the seats. There would be no difficulty about this if there were that number of non-Celts among the Labour representatives in Parliament. But I doubt whether this is the case. Messrs. Chiozza-Money and Goldstone are the only Labour or Socialist M.P.'s I can think of at the moment who are unable to boast of Celtic blood. This being the situation, Welshmen and Irishmen will have to get out of some of the seats, which will be a very serious matter and arouse the "English Labour Party's" indignation against General Botha to boiling point.

Could not the Scottish gentlemen who edit the "Daily Chronicle", "Reynolds's Newspaper", "British Weekly", and other "English" Radical and Labour organs bring sufficient pressure to bear on the Government to induce it to provide ten more Celtic Labour M.P.'s with soft jobs in the Civil Service? If this were done room could be found for the new arrivals, and it would be unnecessary to send an army to South Africa in order to persuade General Botha to take them back.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

MARTIAL LAW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove, Sussex,

2 February 1914.

SIR,—Martial law being a power exercised by the King of dispensing with the procedure of ordinary law in time of war (either external or internal), it should be better understood than it appears to be that this power must be exercised when all remedies under ordinary law have failed or are inadequate.

It is a power by which the King proceeds by his own absolute authority, and it follows that His Majesty's representative, when acting in the King's stead, as a constitutional ruler, must have, and has, a similar authority, and may use this power on the advice of his responsible Ministers when the situation requires it, but not otherwise.

Yours faithfully,

B. R. THORNTON.

THE ARMAMENT RACE AND SIR EDWARD GREY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

European Unity League,

39, St. James's Street,

London, S.W.,

4 February 1914.

SIR,—On February 3rd Sir Edward Grey delivered a speech at the Midland Hotel, Manchester, in the course of which he said:—

"There is a thing which presses upon the springs of industry, and that is the enormously growing expenditure in the great countries of the world, and in the small countries too, upon armaments. . . . It is really a cosmopolitan matter. It is not a British matter alone, but one of European interest. . . . We are penetrated with a sense of the unproductiveness of the expenditure. We are shocked as business men with the sense of the waste of it, and we are filled as business men with apprehension of the effect that it will have, not upon our own credit, but upon the credit of Europe, and because, as thinking men, we have the foreboding that in the long run exceptional expenditure upon armaments, carried to an excessive degree, must lead to a catastrophe, and may even sink the ship of European prosperity and civilisation."

The position is indeed a most serious one. In the countries of Europe 5,000,000 men, the ablest and strongest of the race, are permanently kept under arms and are thus withdrawn from economic productivity, while the direct and indirect expenditure of the European nations upon preparations for war comes to the staggering sum of £1,000,000,000 per annum. As Europe's warlike expenditure in time of peace is rapidly increasing, the moment may indeed be approaching when the unbearable burden of armaments will destroy European prosperity and perhaps European civilisation.

What is the cause of the mad armament race? The cause lies evidently in the political divisions of Europe. Europe is divided against itself, and as long as the European Powers contemplate each other with feelings of jealousy and distrust we cannot hope for a reduction of armaments.

Sir Edward Grey said: "The forces that are making for that increase (of armaments) are really uncontrollable". I respectfully beg to differ from Sir Edward Grey. As the armaments of Europe are caused by the divisions among the Powers, we must try to abolish these divisions. We must try to bring the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance together and conclude a new sextuple alliance on the basis of mutual advantage. The conclusion of such a sextuple alliance, which should lead to the federation of Europe, is in my opinion by no means impossible. As soon as harmony has been firmly established among the European Great Powers, the armament race will automatically cease. I have shown this more fully in a memorandum which I will gladly send to any of your readers who ask for it, and I would say that my opinion is founded upon an exhaustive study of all the great European countries and upon conversations with all the leading rulers, statesmen and politicians of Europe.

Sir Edward Grey said: "A day may come when, if ever war breaks out in Europe between any two countries, the other countries will rush to stamp out that war with as little suspicion of the purity of each other's motives as neighbours rush to help each other to put out a fire". That is no doubt an excellent ideal to strive for. However, a higher aim seems to me to make war in Europe impossible. That is the object of the "European Unity League" which I have founded.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
MAX WAECHTER.

"WOMEN'S FEVER."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Fielding-Hall has favoured you with an effusion under the heading I quote. To show how extremely crude and superficial his wisdom is, may I beg the favour of a little space in your next issue?

He says: "When the institutions of a State and a society become worn out, . . . when society is approaching a dissolution and a rebirth, its decease is always manifested by a Revolt of Women. It is an invariable symptom of decay, . . . and it is a fatal symptom". To justify this dogmatic statement he quotes China in 800 B.C., the intrusions of women in Athens, in Rome, in France. This is very subtle, but, unfortunately, it is entirely unsound.

What Mr. Fielding-Hall admits is, that when men in their arrogance and stupidity have got everything into a

hopeless mess the women try to get a chance of putting things right again! What he won't admit is, that if they had been allowed to try the State might have survived! They would not take the medicine offered, because they did not like it. So the end came. So the disease was brought about, and the cure refused, by men.

No great modern State has ever yet placed power in the hands of the right women. What is the use of quoting the Hetairai and the mistresses of the kings of France? If men will hand themselves over body and soul to such as these, no wonder States come to grief. The "severe legislation" in Athens, to which this scholar and thinker alludes, should have been directed against allowing dissolute men to obtain prominence in public affairs; and then there would have been no need to legislate against dissolute women; the latter only thrive on the former.

There is no need for our State to die; but if, having brought it to disease, our fellow-men refuse us the power to heal, then die it must. Cassandra's warnings were scorned; but she was right. We women are right to-day; our women's intuition—which is knowledge—tells us what is wanted. If men refuse the medicine, that is their lookout; but they need not pretend it is not good. It is not that the State *must* die, but that they choose it *shall* die rather than owe its life to women when men have failed. Let them be honest and own the truth.

Faithfully yours,
C. NINA BOYLE,
Head of Political and Militant Department,
Women's Freedom League.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

166, Warwick Street, Belgrave Road, S.W.

3 February 1914.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "E. C. E.", makes a curious mistake in saying that the "old myth" says that the woman took of the forbidden Tree of Life and gave it to the man! There were the two trees in the midst of the garden—the Tree of Life and the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, and it was for eating the fruit of the latter tree that Adam and Eve were sent forth from the garden—"lest he put forth his hand and take also of the Tree of Life and eat and live for ever".

Immortality, under the conditions to which man had reduced himself by his disobedience, separation from God and death of his spiritual life, would have been too terrible a punishment, but by the perfect obedience of the Perfect Man humanity is again fitted to receive the gift of immortality, not in this fallen world, but in the new spiritual life for which we were all created, and to which we may all aspire.

I am, Yours, etc.,
A. SCOTT WHITBY.

THE BRONTË LEGEND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 February 1914.

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you will allow me to supplement the admirable letter of your correspondent M. B. by emphasising a few further points which tend to show that Charlotte Brontë did not write "Wuthering Heights". We are given to understand that the three MSS. "Wuthering Heights", "Wildfell Hall", and "The Professor", were sent on their travels to publishers at the same time. Could a young and inexperienced author have written two books in which there is not a trace of resemblance in style? The individuality of a creator is almost impossible to hide, and Charlotte's mannerisms are unmistakable.

In all Charlotte's books there is evidence of the strong influence of her Brussels experience, and a liberal allowance of French expressions and conversation. In "Shirley" six of the characters speak French, including the Yorkshire squire. All this is wholly absent in "Wuthering Heights". Also there are inartistic faults in Charlotte's books, notably

the silly passages in Louis Moore's diary, and the episode of the so-called aristocratic visitors in "Jane Eyre". There is no such weakness to mar Emily's work. "Wuthering Heights" stands alone, magnificent in its madness. Charlotte's human greatness does not reach it. Lastly, it is impossible not to realise that Charlotte's religious feeling was true and deep; and throughout her writing, through all her dramatic power, one recognises the tone of quiet sincerity. This pervaded her life and gained and held her friends and their respect. Once, in order to preserve her anonymity, she allowed herself to write an evasive letter, so clumsy that it could have deceived no one. But in her preface to "Wuthering Heights", the memorial to the dead sister who had been the nearest to her heart on earth, can anyone dare to say that Charlotte Brontë deliberately lied?

Women understand her, as no man can, and to them her love and her suffering are sacred. And from a woman's point of view there is something unchivalrous in publishing a theory, impossible to prove, which dishonours the memory of one who was "genuinely great and truly good".

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

M. D.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Feeling somewhat interested in the question of the influence of corporal punishment on children on their success in after life, I hoped to see somewhat more on this subject in the late Brontë articles in your columns. In "Jane Eyre" the principal reference occurs. Helen Bruno is directed to fetch the rod, and on doing so loosens her pinafore and receives strokes on the back of the neck. Is this or was it usual in ladies' schools? or does the authoress intentionally soften down the details? Jane Eyre afterwards says to Helen, "But it is so disgraceful to be flogged, and you are such a great girl!"—Helen being thirteen. One would think it was not very disgraceful—and was not 70 or 80 years ago—for a girl of thirteen to be chastised in this manner, and, moreover, Maria Brontë, who is stated to have been the real Helen Bruno, was only twelve. I have seen it stated confidently that at Casterton, the successor of Lowood or Cowan Bridge, a girl of more than that age was flogged in the presence of the school in schoolboy fashion perhaps not more than 60 years ago, and the discipline is hardly likely to have become stricter in the interval. The offence, however, was a serious one—theft. Hoping for some more information,

Faithfully yours,

INQUIRER.

CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23, Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.,

26 January 1914.

SIR,—All praise to Lord Ferrers and to Mr. Herbert Drutt if they save but one honestly worked stone from the despoilers' hands; but it seems to me that Mr. Drutt gets out of his depth when he attacks the proposal to put in new glass by Mr. Christopher Whall (I have not heard it even hinted that the tracery would suffer). Mr. Drutt complains that the authorities have not asked others to submit designs. I am surprised that Messrs. — and —, Ltd., have been overlooked, and more than surprised at the choice made. Mr. Whall is one of the very few artists in glass that the past 300 years have produced, and his work would add beauty to any building. "I have heard the colouring described as 'delicate sweet-pea tints'." Really such fatuous criticism should be beneath the notice of the writer of the three letters you have lately published.

Your obedient servant,

S. B. K. CAULFIELD.

The Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot be responsible for manuscripts submitted to him; but if such manuscripts are accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes every effort will be made to return them.

REVIEWS.

ALCESTIS.

"Euripides the Rationalist: a Study in the History of Art and Religion." By A. W. Verrall. Cambridge: At the University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

EIGHTEEN years after the first comes the second edition of the late Dr. Verrall's "Euripides the Rationalist"; nor does the form suggest a hope or a strong desire that the book should become known except to a later generation of the small class that wanted the first edition. Yet the book is good enough to be sold for a shilling! The chapters on "Alcestis", "Ion", "Iphigenia", "The Phœnissæ", are good enough to be bound up with all editions of the plays for some time to come; that on "Alcestis" might be bound up with Browning's reconstruction of the play, "Balaustion's Adventure". Even supposing that Dr. Verrall had already been proved wrong in calling "Alcestis" a "flawless masterpiece of wit", in saying that Euripides' "eloquence and pathos, the gift of fancy and the gift of song", were subject to "an unsurpassed and, it may be, unsurpassable wit", nevertheless the book sets a standard, if not a model, of living scholarship and learned humanity, provides a whetstone for the sharpest intelligence, reminds us, above all, as forcibly as "The Man Shakespeare" does, that only at a grave risk may any human faculty be left in abeyance while we read a poet. Years after 1895, when this book first appeared, perhaps up to the present day, schoolboys were permitted or persuaded to read "Alcestis" as if it were a sort of Greek "Winter's Tale", an earthly story with a heavenly meaning, about a man who allowed his wife to die for him, and, after thus saving his own life, recovered her by the intervention of Hercules. If nobody quite knew how to respect, like, or tolerate the husband, Admetus, few actually laughed at him; his unattractiveness was dimly connected with the fact that these things never really happened, that they existed only in books that existed only for the torture of schoolboys. Therefore it was only faintly disgusting to see a woman die for a man in good health who had no particular reason for living. There was no inquiry why the gods did not at first make ill the man whom they were to destroy. Dr. Verrall himself is content to draw attention to the fact that the substitute, Alcestis, showed no sign of illness. Whether or not it would have been so to the Greeks, the tale could to us only be tragic if the wife had substituted herself, either secretly or in a passion, while the husband was actually in pain and peril of death, and if the man had only been saved from following her by the resurrection. But the convention was that the play, as Professor Murray says, "touches its theme tenderly and with romance". Nobody troubled about "the weak spot" which Euripides unveiled. They might have been reading "Balaustion's Adventure" instead of "Alcestis": some remembered better than Euripides' iambics Browning's blank verses:

How else than best? Who controverts the claim?
What sort of creature should the woman prove
That hath surpassed Alcestis, surelier shown
Preference for her husband to herself
Than by determining to die for him?

Wretched verses, but downright English.

Browning was alive. He had enjoyed parts of the play, still more the story of Alcestis and the legend of the Greek maiden reciting the play at Syracuse. But Dr. Verrall also was alive. The ambition to prove Euripides no "botcher" made all that he had known and thought burn with a holy fire, flaming up at moments when some trash of the enemy was thrown on it. That it will take a place in great literature we do not pretend. No scholar's work has done so unless his scholarship has sunk to an inconspicuous place among his gifts, as it cannot do when his audience is of scholars only. We should even doubt whether the style does not fatally suffer from the attitude of argument, the necessity of explaining beyond the possibility of being misunderstood by the dull or misconstrued by

the guileful. It is much for a scholar to see so far beyond his nose through the mists of his own day as to say, "There is no better point in 'The Egoist'", or this:

If anyone should say—in our age of hurry and preoccupation with practical needs, it is a possible objection, although the countrymen and contemporaries of Mr. George Meredith should know better—that the deliberate use of the clear-obscure, the habit of indirectness and hinting, is an artistic defect, because it embarrasses the percipient, it can be of no use to answer that this is the very essence of "the spiritual", *Anglicè* wit.

To overpraise such passages would really be to destroy a book which does not depend on modernity, or irony, or perception of irony, or any single quality, but on the splendid, if not absolutely divine, energy which makes the whole book as enjoyable as "Balaustion's Adventure".

That the book is a classic of the moment there is no doubt. It deserves a better fate than to be reissued at seven shillings and sixpence, with the misprint of "The Egotist" for "The Egoist" intact. A generation later, and the substance of the book will have become a commonplace, its form may have been proved a temporary seed-pod. Yet at perhaps only one point was Dr. Verrall something like a red-hot contemporary. That is where he reviews the "dying" hours of Alcestis, her case "treated from the first and throughout as hopeless", no attempt made to sustain her:

She has become very weak; with more adieux she becomes weaker; and at last it is plain that she is sinking. Carried into the air, she rallies sufficiently for yet one prolonged farewell, after which she sinks again, sinks rapidly, and becomes unconscious. Being already prepared for burial, except for the addition of certain ornaments, which are also ready, the body, just as it lies, is carried to a neighbouring monument, laid there and left. Later in the day the woman is brought back from the tomb to her house.

Where is the miracle? There is no one now, and assuredly there was no one at Athens in the days of Protagoras, who, *assuming these facts*, would dream of a miraculous explanation, instead of the obvious explanation that the woman and her friends were mistaken, that she was not in such danger as she and they too credulously supposed, that she wanted nothing but a little rest from their killing importunities, and would have revived, not in a tomb but in her house, if the "survivors" had given her time to do so.

Is it true that everyone in Athens, or that every sceptic, would see nothing but "the regularity of self-revenging Nature" when weakness led to exhaustion, "and finally to hallucination, fainting, coma, and all the appearance of death"? Is it true that everyone in London, that everyone who buys a sixpenny weekly, would see in this process nothing but "the regularity of self-revenging Nature"? Would no one in Athens or London have been surprised at seeing Alcestis walking home again? If they knew so much, they might have supposed it possible that suggestion had produced death itself. Yet of these same Athenians Dr. Verrall declared that to realise the difference between a legend and an historical fact was "the latest and highest effort of intelligence".

This assumption as to the Athenians' knowledge of Nature and the power of suggestion helped Dr. Verrall to an extreme conclusion. Alcestis having been hurried to the grave and brought back so promptly, he was persuaded that Euripides represented the resurrection as false, and that the Athenians must have recognised it as such. But to overcome Death and bring back the dead is as possible in half an hour as in three days; if Alcestis was known not to be dead, what did it matter when she returned? It might equally well be argued that the tameness of the miracle proves the dramatic personæ as well as the audience aware of the deceit. What is more likely is that the dramatist's

effect of irony was gained from the mechanical nature of the two scenes, the death which is simply asserted, the resurrection which is simply asserted. He was writing sacred melodrama satisfactory to the believer because a prophecy and a god were shown triumphant, and not less to the unbeliever because they triumphed so literally and improbably. The point, however, is only to be decided by acting "Alcestis" under Dr. Verrall's guidance. Whether decided for him or against, it cannot affect the value of a book which, while it is new, possesses a value retainable alone by the true classic.

A COLLECTED POET.

"The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods." Lane. 5s. net.

WHEN an author publishes a collected edition it is time for the critic to abandon criticism in detail and broadly to measure the range and depth of her work in bulk. Mrs. Woods well survives that final test. The great merit of these collected poems is their even level. It was always a little unjust to Mrs. Woods to quote her verse in patches; for she does not write in patches. There are here no "stray whiffs of song" which can without injury be lifted from their context. The quality of any one of her poems is only conveyed by the critic when he has quoted the poem entire. We would go even farther. The full quality of this poet is not conveyed in any one of her poems read apart from the rest of her work. Only when we put them together, read them in succession from page to page and gradually realise the generous sweep of her sympathies, do we begin to give to this volume its true value. We are sure that many who have for years read Mrs. Woods's poems as they issued in small sheaves from the press will now for the first time realise the true width of her perception.

Mrs. Woods has that fine sensibility with which John Davidson was so conspicuously gifted—a sensibility which apprehends the universe to be of one texture; which gives, even to material things, speech and mind. To call this wide and delicate sympathy with men, with beasts—even with stocks and stones—to call it "pantheism" is but to give a clumsy name to something too simple to require the terms of philosophy. Imagination; a dramatic sense of life as a story wherein things move in appointed time and place to an appointed end; an instinct to perceive in disordered appearances and events a fundamental integrity; an innate conviction that life is one and undivided—this is how one would try to describe the inspiration which gives to these poems a constant dignity and a noble range. In a poem now published for the first time Mrs. Woods watches a mother's prayer abroad in the night on behalf of her son. Her son it cannot save; for already "under the lamp" he has met shame. But the prayer is not therefore lost. "It enters where she neither knew nor willed", fending a stranger, who "all blind followed where it was leading—"

"And he immediately

Knows there is light somewhere, somewhere a friend".

Here we have one of many glimpses in this book of life as one and indivisible, despite the myriad seeming mischances that dog all solitary souls in their private adventure.

If we must choose to linger for a moment on one of these poems to the exclusion of the rest, we would choose the peasant poem—"Marlborough Fair". This poem, even more than the others, dwelling upon a medley of fugitive lives and feelings, yet throbs with a sense of life's unity. Persistently beneath the changing tones and rhythms of this distracted piece of life there is heard a pedal-note of design and destiny—one and undivided. The voice of the peasant is raised; the church tower is brooding with the clouds; the fiddle's tune is calling above the clitter-clatter of the John and Mary dance; the captive lion is dreaming

and sweeps imagination away to infinite life elsewhere; the sordid-merry show is set against the savage glory of wild existence and the solemn call of time. "Marlborough Fair" in miniature touches the height and depth of life; and equally the height and depth meet level in a region where mean things and great fit consonantly into one web. Good-night dies away along the Down; and every voice of every soul has become silent:

"They are one with the majestic past, they are blended
In pale procession with dim nameless races,
Whose monuments brooding in the waste behold
The secular change of stars."

That the poet has in all this busy scene resolved the discordant voices "congregating to a full and natural close" is witness enough of her sincerity.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CROCE.

"Philosophy of the Practical." By Benedetto Croce.
Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Macmillan. 12s.

THIS is the third and last volume of Croce's "Philosophy of the Spirit". Mr. Ainslie describes the Italian writer, not untruly, as one of a brilliant host of philosophers and critics who are letting in a flood of light upon the dim and dismal forest in which the nineteenth century was content to be led by the materialists. The Englishman loves the practical, and he was forbidden to think of it as also spiritual, but was immersed instead in the dust and hubbub of the laboratory. Modern thought still drags about with it some of the links of the chain which forced it formerly to crawl after experimental science. But the philosophy of Bergson, Blondel and Croce—to mention no other masters—has now penetrated even to the common-sense and pragmatist temper of our island.

To Benedetto Croce all reality is spiritual, under the two forms of theoretic and practical. Theoretic activity is either intuitive, producing individual mental images (*Æsthetic*) or intellectual, producing universal concepts (*Logic*), the latter dependent for existence on the former. Practical activity, or will, is either economic and utilitarian, producing individual actions, or moral, which is concerned with universals, and depends for existence on the former. With the theoretic activity man understands the universe, with the practical he changes it. But both are activities of the Spirit. Between virtue and knowledge, which Plato identified, there is a close connexion—not in the latitudinarian sense that sinners should not be blamed, seeing that if they knew all the bearings of their sin they would not commit it, but rather, conversely, that we are responsible for our knowledge, seeing that there is always an element of will in it. This view has gained ground since Descartes' time, but Croce goes so far as to say that we can only err because we will to do so. Hegelianism, which he has re-interpreted to the world, is too monistic to be a real ally of Christianity. Its service has been in breaking down the crude distinction between the inner and the outer world on which the older rationalism rested. Has not the time arrived for another emancipation—the breaking down of the hideous jargon which has made recent philosophy so repulsive to the uninitiated? It is a pleasure to read Bacon, Hooker, Shaftesbury, Locke or Berkeley. Their English is noble, sinewy, gracious, and never out of touch with the concrete and vivid. Why should the philosopher's cloak of to-day be so shapeless? Croce, however, wears his with a certain picturesqueness.

Here is a typical sentence: "Whoever henceforth returns to feeling, after the discovery of the pure or speculative concept, and believes it to be the creator of philosophy or religion, fighting with it against the physical and mathematical sciences, behaves as he who should wish to return to-day to the flint-lock for the reason that it was an advance upon the bow and the catapult".

EGYPT.

"Egypt in Transition." By Sidney Low. With an Introduction by Lord Cromer. Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. SIDNEY LOW has to a marked degree qualities needed for a contemporary historian. He has a good eye, he writes clearly and well, and has a well-balanced mind. Egypt is a country fated to superlative. It has long been the stand-by of authors and journalists in search of copy. We have had a heavy surfeit of flash books of artificially registered impressions by "vivid" writers who can hit their public running. Mr. Low gives us something quite different. Mainly concerned with the political, social, and administrative conditions of Egypt and the Sudan, he yet manages to convey to his readers without gush the spell of the country.

What has British administration done for Egypt? That is the question to which Mr. Low's book gives an intelligent answer. He deals with that stage of transition which came after the end of Lord Cromer's period of reconstruction and financial readjustment, the stage which lay between the reconquest of the Sudan by Lord Kitchener and his return to Cairo as British Agent and Consul-General. That great things have been done there is no doubt. Now for the first time the merchant, traders, and shopkeepers of the towns and the people who have bought land and made money by it live in security. The fellah can now live at peace on his farm undisturbed by the fear of a sudden raid from tax-gatherers or marauding pashas. The Egyptian peasant now knows what it is to live without the Kurbash and the corvée. Above all his water supply is secure. The Sudan is now self-supporting and requires no aid from outside. Lord Cromer's creation of a hybrid state of a nature well calculated to shock the susceptibilities of international jurists has more than justified itself.

In his weighty introduction to the book Lord Cromer attributes the success of the Sudanese administration to the fact that the officials have been left to themselves. There has been absolutely no interference from London. Another factor is that officials, both civil and military, have been well paid and the leave rules have been generous. "Of all the mistakes", writes Lord Cromer, "that can be committed in the execution of an Imperialist policy the greatest in my opinion is to attempt to run a big undertaking 'on the cheap'".

Mr. Low is under no illusions as to the sentiment of the people towards us. We are not popular in Egypt, and it is unlikely that we ever shall be. It is doubtful whether we are much more loved in Egypt than France is in the Regency or in Algeria, though we are not hated as at the moment Italy is hated in Tripoli or perhaps as France is hated in parts of Morocco. Do not let there be any mistake about it, the whole of North Africa would rejoice to rise if it could do so successfully, and shake off and stamp out the infidels. We pointed this out in THE SATURDAY REVIEW in the spring of 1912, when Tunis was under military law, and it holds good to-day. Egypt is a Mohammedan country, and no devout Moslem likes to be ruled by infidels, whatever material benefits may accrue. It is a mistake to suppose we are Christianising the East. "The Mohammedan world is farther from conversion to the faith of the West than it was three centuries or even ten centuries ago." Mr. Low is the last man to claim perfection for our administration. Many things remain to be remedied. The most important question in Egyptian internal administration at present is the abolition, at all events the modifying, of the Capitulations, whose evils the author very justly points out. By this book Mr. Sidney Low has done for Egypt what he did for India with his "Vision of India". He has made an admirable book which we can recommend.

NOVELS.

"The Wanderer's Necklace." By H. Rider Haggard. Cassell. 6s.

IN the hands of modern practitioners the modern novel has become a very self-conscious form of art. The novelist of to-day takes himself with portentous gravity. He has a mission to perform, a theory or doctrine to propagate, and he uses the novel much as the oldtime doctor used jam to disguise the powder and to make it palatable to a world that, after all, is mainly made up of recalcitrant children. Not so the older novelists. They knew how to tell a great story for its own sake simply. They made no alarming claims. They recognised that the success of their work lay in its excellent interest. It is refreshing, then, after a course of modern novels, to read a new romance by Sir Henry Rider Haggard. How well it compares with the work of later writers in this particular field of fiction! What a plenty of fancy and imagination, what a well-knit plot, a prodigal array of adventures and situations! There is the same vivacity and zest in the telling as in his early days, but withal a firmer handling of the matter, a surer grip of character. No one could claim for Sir Henry Rider Haggard that he is a great literary craftsman. His writing is often slipshod and hasty, his sentences are unpolished. He is sometimes crude. But, judged from a standpoint other than that of literature, he is a first-rate story-teller, and in his own line of historical romance there are few writers to equal him. There is a fine barbaric splendour about much of his work. He exhibits great skill in projecting himself into the atmosphere of other times and conveying it to the reader by vivid pictures. In "The Wanderer's Necklace" he is back at his favourite theme of reincarnation. His hero, Olaf, recalls his experience of a bygone life ended in the ninth century, as is fixed by the fact that the Byzantine Empress Irene plays a part in the story. This method of story-telling enables the author to skip detail and to choose only those highly coloured incidents in his hero's past which have got themselves into his sub-conscious memory.

We are shown first the boyhood of young Olaf in his father's hall of Aar, his betrothal to Iduna the Fair, the daughter of Athalbrand, a scheming and false-hearted chieftain. Iduna herself is a wanton for all her loveliness and secretly loves Steinar, Olaf's foster-brother. So to gain time she imposes a test upon Olaf. Near to his father's house is the tomb of the Wanderer, of whom tradition said that he was a king in these parts some thousand years ago and that he wore a necklace of pale gold, and hanging from it golden shells inlaid with blue, and between them green jewels that hold the moon, and that this necklace was buried with him. Iduna will only marry the man who gives her that necklace. To gain her love Olaf rifles the tomb with the aid of his old nurse Freydisa, one of the virgins of Odin. He brings the necklace to Iduna, who plays him false and with the connivance of her father marries Steinar. Scenes of carnage follow, wherein Olaf's father and elder brother are killed, and he becomes lord of Aar. In a trance he re-lives an episode in the life of his ancestor the Wanderer and beholds a vision of the woman whom he is to wed, and whom he is to discover by her likeness to her former incarnation and by her wearing the other half of the necklace he has taken from the tomb. The scene then shifts to Byzantium and we are shown the Northman as captain of the guard in Irene's palace. In strong, fierce colours the author paints the splendour and the horror of life at the Byzantine court, with its riotous luxury and hideous cruelty. Here Olaf meets the woman of his vision, Heliodore, with the counterpart of his necklace around her neck, and in the end, though blinded by the jealous Empress, he wins his bride.

One of the best scenes is where Olaf defies and destroys the great idol of Odin when his foster-brother Steinar is to be sacrificed to him—an incident borrowed from Norse history. Very well done, too, is Freydisa, the wise woman who "questioned things more than

most" and came at last to see the truth that lies behind symbols. "As regards these gods", she answers to the questioning Olaf, "well, whatever they may or may not be, at least they are the voices that in our day speak to us from that land whence we came and whither we go. The world has known millions of days, and each day has its god—or its voice—and all the voices speak truth to those who can hear them."

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Paul Verlaine." By Wilfrid Thorley. Constable. 1s. net.

We can welcome this little book to Constable's "Modern Biographies". Verlaine, that obscure spirit whom the world misnamed "*macabre*", as it misnamed Edgar Allan Poe "*morbid*", will remain a figure arresting in literature, pitiful in life. His is not a beautiful story; it is the sordid one of a misguided temperament passing through lurid ordeals of fire. Baudelaire was to Verlaine the same copy to be copied and comprehended as Walter Pater to Oscar Wilde; and both the French and the English disciple made hideous bungles of their earthly span, unlike the masters in whose footsteps they longed to follow.

The ravelled skein of Verlaine's life is set forth clearly in these pages, and he is a far more abject figure than Mr. Edmund Gosse made him in "French Profiles", or Mr. Zangwill in "Without Prejudice". He is more akin to Heine on his "mattress grave". His insatiable thirst for drink, his salacious companions, his love affairs with filthy drabs, his murderous furies and assaults on Rimbaud and his mother, the Mephistophelian influence his loose friend Arthur Rimbaud exercised over him, his imprisonments—all these are balanced against his innate childishness, his weakness in the grip of Life, the way wherein circumstance buffeted this dreamer hither and thither, raising him up to the heights of the spiritually divine, now casting him down into the bottomless pit of nature's devilities.

And yet who can judge a soul like Verlaine's, with whom the body ran away, being in possession for a little time? Does not the wave fall deeper before it can leap higher than ever? Did not Christ go down into Hell, Mahomet's coffin swing between Heaven and Earth? Job, St. Augustine, and Goethe's "Faust" were all done in the darkness which enveloped Paul Verlaine. It is Ahriman against Ormuzd, Set against Horus, Monkar against Nakir, the spirits of light warring with the powers of darkness for ever. And who can say who will be the victor? The little man lazily wrapped in the comfort of his snug morbidities, or Jacob wrestling with the angel at night so that the sinews of his thigh are blasted?

Mr. Thorley's translations of Verlaine's poems in the appendix are excellent, though no translator could ever render to perfection the sweetness and sadness of "*Les sanglots longs des violons*".

The Vasari Society's Reproductions of Old Master Drawings. Parts VIII. and IX. Issued to subscribers.

The quality of these reproductions is excellent. In the two parts before us about sixty drawings, chosen with scholarship and taste, are reproduced approximately on the scale of the originals. The annual subscription for membership of the Vasari Society is one guinea, so that for this sum one gets thirty plates of an altogether unusual quality. Perhaps the most conspicuous of the reproductions under notice is the superb "Prisoner before a Judge" by Ant. Pollaiuolo, among the greatest products of the Renaissance, preserved in the British Museum. Others that especially strike one are Rembrandt's "Presentation in the Temple" and "Rebecca leaving her Home"; Rubens' study for the Antwerp "Erection" (a fine drawing strangely Van Dyck-like); Mr. Oppenheimer's Caracciols and Canaletto; a Netherlandish fifteenth-century portrait (No. 12, Part IX.); Dürer's "Christ on the Mount of Olives"; a portrait by Jean Fouquet, and Baldung's "Allegory of Death". This short and almost random list will sufficiently indicate the calibre and scope of the Vasari Society's publication, which, we suspect, is unrivalled.

The Riccardi Press Chancer. 3 vols. £7 17s. 6d. net.

The second and third volumes of this beautiful book are now published, completing the edition of the "Canterbury Tales". In our review of the first volume last year we said that it was perfectly printed and got up, and had the further advantage of Professor Skeat's text. We made some reservations with regard to the appropriateness, while fully recognising the great beauty, of Mr. Russell Flint's illustrations. In these two volumes we can praise them without reserve. They are as appropriate as they are beautiful. Even the moral catalogue of the Monk's Tale inspires him to two most graceful pictures, particularly that of Fortune on her wheel escaping from human grasp. We are sorry that he did not try his hand on Chauntecleer and Pertelote, but he revels in the Wife of Bath, a buxom blond

creature with a liquorish eye. After this he reaches his high-water mark with three pictures of patient Griselda, in particular his frontispiece of the wife at the well, and follows them with two of January and May, which give us as much idea of the queer couple as seaminess permits.

The third volume does not provide so many opportunities, for even such admirers of the Tales as we boast ourselves to be must admit that they fall off towards the end. Dorigen and St. Cecilia provide the artist with seven of his twelve pictures. Even more charming is the sketch of Canace and the falcon. The alchemical Canon's Yeoman perhaps deserved an illustration, but after one striking scene has been selected from the Manciple's Tale the remaining three are allotted to the Parson. We certainly find more pleasure in looking at the admirable Susanna, the tasteful rocky landscape, and, still more, the highly original presentment of Almsgiving than we do in perusing the 76 pages on the Seven Deadly Sins.

The work, now so happily terminated, is an object-lesson in what a book of this sort should be.

"Colour Decoration of Architecture . . . for the use of Decorators and Students." By James Ward. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Ward urges the reintroduction of colour on our buildings, within and without. His useful book includes practical suggestions and designs and a short historical review of Italian, French, German, and English colour decoration. There seems no reason why colour should not be largely used not only in interior decoration, which is more or less a private matter, but also on the façades of buildings. It is indeed used in London, for example, but with no artistic quality and ordering. Surely house-painters' paint might just as well be rich and fine as acid or depressing. Many of our buildings, such as St. Paul's and St. Martin's, have acquired a rare and beautiful colour; nothing could be finer under our London skies. On the other hand our present use of glazed tiles, drab, cream, grey or red paint is most unsatisfactory. Mr. Ward's handling of the subject is workmanlike and practically suggestive. We may not like all the designs he reproduces, but that is a detail. A useful book in this connection is Zahn's "Ornamente aller Klassischen Kunstepochen . . .", published, we believe, early in last century with remarkable coloured plates.

THE FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

Owing, probably, to the fact that little change has taken place in the political situation during the past month, the serious reviews for February devote less space than usual to the consideration of the coming crisis in Ulster. The *Nineteenth Century*, however, is an exception, and its group of three articles under the heading of "Our Unsolved Enigma" is worthy of close attention. The three writers are agreed as to the reality of the peril ahead. As to the means of averting the calamity, Judge Atherley-Jones holds that all that is necessary is for Parliament to assert its true will and authority—"for its members to recognise that they are not the 'rank and file' of a party nor the docile supporters of a Ministry, but servants of the people and trustees of the permanent interests of the State". On the other hand, Mr. Moreton Frewen and Lord Dunraven look to Federalism. The former not only expects to solve the Irish question once and for all by federation, but would also like to see the British Empire reach Freeman's definition: "A Federal Government in its perfect form is one which forms a single State in its relations to other nations, but which consists of many States with regard to its internal government": and he even goes so far as to suggest that the federal principle and that alone is destined to bring peace on earth and goodwill to man. Lord Dunraven believes that the opposition to Home Rule, in so far as it is rational, rests upon fear of the consequences of loss of British citizenship; and his examination of federal principles in operation in the United States, Canada and Australia convinces him that this fear could be dispelled by the adoption of some system framed on federal lines. Other important articles in a very strong number are those on "Capture of Property at Sea", by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, and on "The Decline of the French Republic", by Dr. Georges Chatterton-Hill, of the University of Geneva.

Those who read Lord Roberts's New Year Message to the nation, which appeared in this *Review* on January 3rd, will turn at once to his "ominous parallel" in the current *National Review*. This parallel is, curiously enough, the same as that dealt with in the "Nineteenth Century" by General Stone—namely, between the military condition of affairs in France between 1866 and 1870 and that in the United Kingdom during the last ten years. Lord Roberts's object is to enable his fellow-countrymen to profit by the lessons of history, and thus escape "the disgrace, humiliation, loss of territory and of money" which France suffered some forty years ago; and he concludes by branding as a "gross calumny" the assertion that the country will refuse to agree to universal military training for Home

Defence—when its leaders explain the need for such a system. Mr. Maxse's own article is called "The Return of the Wanderer", and deals at length and in detail with Lord Murray's part in the Marconi affair and in the investments of the Liberal Party funds. He gives what he has reason to believe is a fairly complete list of the investments made by the Master of Elibank during his uncontrolled trusteeship of the Party funds, and incidentally directs attention to a general truth far more important than the sordid details of the scandal—namely, that the power of the purse in any great Party should never be entrusted to a single individual, whoever he may be, without any check whatsoever on his operations. Another vigorous article is that by Mr. Frank Fox on "The Death and Censure of Richard Corfield", and Mr. Austin Dobson has a pleasant paper on the Gordon Riots.

The indisposition of temper and body which removed Chatham at a critical time was not more unfortunate than the illness which placed Mr. Chamberlain *hors de combat* in 1906, and Mr. Edward Salmon's appreciation, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of the peculiar virtue and force of Mr. Chamberlain's influence on English politics is both temperate and understanding. A very different, yet equally typically English, personality—Lady Dorothy Nevill—is the subject of a charming article by Mr. Edmund Gosse, which takes the form of a letter to Lady Burghclere. Of the articles dealing with current political affairs, the most important is that by "Politicus", who makes a damaging examination of the position taken up by Mr. Lloyd George in regard to what the latter is pleased to call the "organised insanity of the armament race". The literary contributions include an appreciation of Dostoevsky by Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd, and a paper on "Wordsworth at Rydal Mount", by Mr. John Eglington.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. P. A. Molteno, M.P., purports to describe the Liberal attitude towards our increasing naval expenditure. His point of view may be judged by the rhetorical question which he asks in reference to the programme outlined by Mr. Churchill in his speech on the Navy Estimates in July of last year: "What could have induced the Liberal Party to leave the ways of commonsense, moderation and calm judgment, and to sanction with but little protest such a use of the vast resources of this country, both in men, money and material?" Facts—however stubborn they may be—trouble Mr. Molteno little: and he boldly holds that all our ideas as to the size of the German fleet are wholly mistaken. A very sensible examination of the Kikuyu controversy is provided by Mr. Eugene Stock, who finds it difficult to believe that the charge of heresy against the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda will be pressed. He holds that the real question—the proposed scheme of "Federation"—is of much greater importance, and looks forward confidently to a lead on this question from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Clouesley Breton writes optimistically on the subject of co-operation between the school and the employer, and some of his *obiter dicta* are well worthy of attention. National Education is not merely a problem in the production of citizen-workers, but also in their distribution, and considerable progress has already been made in different parts of the country in securing a proper placing of the school product.

The *British Review* opens with two paradoxical and rather flippant articles—the one on "The Unimportance of Politics," by Mr. T. M. Kettle, and the other on "The Unworldliness of Journalists", by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. "Politics", says the former, "can never be the architect of the New Jerusalem"—who ever thought it would? "The world", says the latter, "always manages to muddle its own secular aims even more than any of the great religions have muddled their religious aim". It is a relief to turn to Mr. R. A. Knox's article, "Ex Africa Semper", on the Kikuyu controversy. Mr. Knox's bias is towards the Bishop of Zanzibar, and the solution of the difficulty which he suggests is that both parties should bind themselves to accept the ruling of an unofficial court, presumably consisting of the two archbishops, with such assessors as might seem advisable. The "dramatist of to-day" dealt with by Mr. Edward Storer is Mr. George Bernard Shaw.

It is wonderful how *Blackwood's* preserves both its high standard and its variety. The most striking article this month is "Plain Speech about India". The anonymous author does little more, it is true, than say what those who know India are already and always convinced of, but he puts the case with unusual force—appoint a strong man as Viceroy, one who will not truckle to sedition or be a mere tool in the hands of the Secretary of State; abolish the farce of sham representative institutions; restore the reign of firmness and justice; suppress the license of inflammatory speech and writing; evolve a scheme of real education for the building up of character; and (last, but by no means least) re-establish the position of the District Officer. Mr. Lloyd George's land policy is not supported by the facts given in the article on "Lairds and the Land", and great fun is also made of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the blank verse tragedy "Georgos", which is supposed to be a translation of a hitherto unknown tragedy of Euripides. The characters of the play are Georgos, Tyrant or Ruler of Dounia; Karson, a Lord of

Dounia; Eirenikos, the Peaceful One, better known under his Latin appellation of Pacificus; and a "Chorus of the Eighty" Mr. St. John Lucas contributes an amusing Italian story, "San Cristoforo and Maria Assunta".

The Cornhill is also a good number, but one is just a little tired of these hitherto unpublished poems by Robert Browning. Does their publication do the poet any service? The present one is a sonnet addressed to the memory of his parents, and is quite undistinguished. Important, however, is Mr. H. Warner Allen's description of "The Real Syndicalism"—i.e., Syndicalism as it exists in France. "Le Syndicaliste est le vrai Conservateur: il a son racine dans le passé et son but dans l'éternité." Mr. Allen concludes that "it is this spirit (patriotism) that the true Syndicalism encourages and develops, and it is as a school of character, patriotism, and self-sacrifice, and not only for the material advantages which it has conferred on French agriculture, that it has earned the gratitude of the nation". Canon Rawnsley contributes an appreciation of Sir Robert Hunter as a national benefactor, and pays a well-deserved tribute to his work in the saving of commons and open spaces. There are several good stories, and a delightful character sketch, by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, of an old Highland deer-stalking keeper, Rory of the Glen.

The two most interesting general articles in *Harper's Magazine* deal with opposite quarters of the globe. Mr. C. W. Furlong describes a journey through the heart of the jungle of Dutch Guiana—from St. Laurent to Paramaribo—and Mr. Norman Duncan has a delightful paper, "A Trooper of the Outlands", written round an Inspector of the Queensland Mounted Police. The fiction is of the usual kind and quality, and includes another instalment of Mr. Arnold Bennett's new novel, "The Price of Love".

No fewer than three articles in *Scribner's Magazine* deal with the motor and the highways. Sir Henry Norman, M.P., describes a run across France from Cherbourg to Nice by the new "route des Alpes", that series of thrilling mountain roads over a dozen passes of the Savoy, Dauphiné and Maritime Alps, 8,500 ft. above sea level. The other two articles are concerned with the "trans-continental trails" of America, and with what is called, in American, "motorized highway commerce". Madame Waddington continues her reminiscences, dealing with the time of the Berlin Congress, of which M. Waddington was a member; and there is the usual budget of short stories, and many good illustrations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Reminiscences of My Life (Henry Holiday). Heinemann. 16s. net.

FICTION.

The Thrice-Born (Theodore Flatau); Blush-Rose (Based on the French of Amédée Achard, by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly); Flynn the Sin-Eater (By "A Whisper"). Holden and Hardingham. 6s. each.

The Common-Place and Clementine (Mabel Ince); Slaves of Chance (Henry Farmer). Chatto and Windus. 6s. each.

The Business of a Gentleman (H. N. Dickinson). Heinemann. 6s.

Simpson (Elinor Mordaunt). Methuen. 6s.

The Iron Year (Walter Bloem). 6s.; The Comic Kingdom (Rudolf Pickthall). 3s. 6d. net. Lane.

The Great Attempt (Frederick Arthur). Murray. 6s.

Small Souls (Louis Couperus). Heinemann. 6s.

Seaborne of the Bonnet Shop (R. K. Weekes). Jenkins. 6s.

Kazan, the Wolf-Dog (James Oliver Curwood). Cassell. 6s.

The Ransom for London (J. S. Fletcher); Salad Days. Long. 6s. each.

When Ghost meets Ghost (William De Morgan). Heinemann. 6s.

Una and the Lions (Constance Smedley). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

HISTORY.

The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848 (George Lockhart Rives). New York: Scribner. 2 vols. \$8.00 net.

A Corner of the Cotswolds: Through the Nineteenth Century (M. Sturge Grettton). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

The War of the Roses, 1377-1471 (R. B. Mowat). Crosby Lockwood. 6s. net.

Napoleon at Bay, 1814 (F. Loraine Petre). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.

LAW.

The Law of Naval Warfare (J. A. Hall). Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.

The Commercial Laws of the World (General Editor, William Bowstead). Vol. XIX. North and North-West Europe—Sweden and Norway. Sweet and Maxwell. 42s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Trail of the Sandhill Stag (Ernest Thompson Seton). Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d. net.

Animal Communities in Temperate America: A Study in Animal Ecology (Victor E. Shelford). Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Dod's Parliamentary Companion. Whittaker. 3s. 6d. net.

The London Matriculation Directory. University Tutorial Press. 1s. net.

Modern Business Routine. Vol. I. Home Trade (R. S. Osborne). Effingham Wilson. 2s. 6d. net.

Stanford's Geological Atlas of Great Britain and Ireland (Edited by Horace B. Woodward). Stanford. 12s. 6d. net.

The "Citizen Series" Maps of London (Edited by William Stanford). Bacon. 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The Governance of England (Sidney Low). Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

The Acharnians of Aristophanes (with a Translation into English Verse by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell). Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

Les Chouans et une Passion dans le Désert (Honoré de Balzac); Pensées (Blaise Pascal). Nelson. 1s. net each.

The Manual of Heraldry (Edited by Francis J. Grant). Edinburgh: Grant. 2s. net.

Manual of Egyptian Archaeology (Sir G. Maspero). Grevel. 6s. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Old Time Stories and Old World Customs (A. Gertrude Caton). Macmillan. 1s. 9d.

Bell's French Picture Cards. Third Series. Bell. 1s. 6d. net per set of 12.

Cours Français du Lycée Persé. Première Partie. (L. C. von Glehn, L. Chouville et Rose Wella). Cambridge: Heffer. 2s.

Livy, Book XXVII. (Edited by S. G. Campbell). Cambridge University Press. 3s.

A Source Book of English History (Edited by Arthur D. Innes). Vol. II. 1603-1815 A.D. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Philosophy of Bergson (The Hon. Bertrand Russell and Mrs. H. Wildon Carr). Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes. 1s. net.

Dynamics (Horace Lamb). Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

Apostolic Fallibility (S. H. Holland). Northampton Press. 1s. net.

The Revival of the Religious Life (Paul B. Bull). Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.

Pastor Futurus: A Dramatic Idyll (John Huntley Skrine). Longmans. 5s. net.

The Faith of the Old Testament (The Rev. Alexander Nairne). Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

Forty Years in Brazil (Frank Bennett). Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d. net.

With the Russians in Mongolia (H. G. C. Perry, Ayscough and R. B. Otter-Barry). Lane. 16s. net.

"God's Own Country": An Appreciation of Australia (C. E. Jacomb). Goschen. 5s. net.

A Boy's Travels in Many Lands (Theodore F. T. Jones). St. Catherine Press. 2s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Parsifal and Tristan und Isolde (Told in English by Randle Fynes and Louis N. Parker). Smith, Elder. 1s. 6d. net.

The Melting Pot: A Drama in Four Acts (Israel Zangwill). Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.

The White Gate and other Poems (Lorma Leigh). Hampstead: Hewetson. 1s. 6d. net.

"Nature's Interviews" and other Poems (Muriel E. George). Eastbourne: Clayton. 1s. 6d. net.

In the Fall of the Leaf (Stanhope Bayley). Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

Bethlehem and other Verse (H. L. Hubbard). Cambridge: Heffer. 1s. net.

The Misfortune of Being Clever (Translated from the Russian of A. S. Griboyedof by S. W. Pring). Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.

The Conscience of a King and other Pieces (Paul Hookham). Oxford: Horser. 2s. 6d. net.

A Wand and Strings and other Poems (Benjamin R. C. Low). Lane. 4s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Catalogue of Literature and Reference Books. Foyle.

Colonization of Rural Britain, The (The Rt. Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P.). Rural World Publishing Co. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net.

Croquis d'Outre-Manche (Jacques Bardoux). Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.

Dignity of Business, The (H. E. Morgan). Ewart Seymour. 2s. 6d. net.

Economic Synthesis, The: a Study of the Laws of Income (Achille Loria). Allen. 10s. 6d. net.

Everywoman's Guide to Home-Dressmaking (Emilie). 7d. net.

Everybody's Book of the Navy (Charles E. Eldred); Everybody's Guide to Book-keeping (T. E. Copeland), 6d. net each.

Brindley & Howe.

Gypsy Coppermiths in Liverpool and Birkenhead (Andreas). Liverpool: Young. 1s. net.

Men and Matters (Wilfrid Ward). 12s. 6d. net; Scril: A Story of the Stone Age (Edward Willmore). 1s. net. Longmans.

Old Magdalen Days, 1847-1877 (By a Former Chorister). Oxford: Blackwell. 1s. net.

Our Task in India (Bernard Lucas). Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

Play of the Future, The (Sydney Grundy). French. 6d.

San Miniato (E. J. Watson). Bristol: Partridge and Love. 6d. net.

Still Happy though Married (Rev. E. J. Hardy). Fisher Unwin. 6s.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

	Highest.	Lowest.
Consols	77½	76
Day-to-day Loans	1½%	¾%
3 Months' Bank Bills	2%	1½%
	Jan. 29, 1914.	Oct. 17, 1912.
Bank Rate	3 per cent.	5 per cent.
General Settlement, Feb. 12.		
Consols Settlement, March 2.		

LESS than a month ago the Stock Exchange was in the depths of despondency, and stocks and shares were shunned by timid investors. Since that time the unexpected has happened, and both investment and speculative business has expanded with unprecedented rapidity. In Stock Exchange circles—where an atmosphere of boom and panic is so easily propagated—there is always the fear of a movement being overdone; but if to-day's financial and economic conditions are compared with those which prevailed at the close of last year, the present position of investment stocks does not appear to be unwarranted. Investors have never looked back since the initial upward movement, and although the persistent support has lifted many of the leading securities seven points above the December level, there is no reason to expect a serious relapse.

During the week there has been an increased demand for gold from various Continental quarters, and in all probability the Bank of England will release further sums next week; but the effect of cheap money, which has been the magic influence in the Stock Exchange, is not likely to diminish in the near future. It is quite improbable that operators will witness a repetition of the extraordinary activity of the past fortnight for some time to come; but, taking into consideration the important shrinkage of trade demands for cash, and the abundance of money in Lombard Street, the belief is held that stocks will experience a gradual appreciation in the future.

Consols are considerably below the remarkable figure of 77½, attained earlier in the week, the announcement of the suspension of Messrs. Fry, Miers and Co. and Messrs. Coulon, Berthoud and Co. having temporarily depressed the market in general. At the present price of Consols there is a return of about £3 6s. per cent., whilst upon India Two and a-Half per Cents. there is a yield of £3 15s. per cent. to investors.

The principal subject of interest in the City continues to be the facility displayed by the public in absorbing new issues. On Monday the Elder Dempster Co. offered £250,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares at par, and the whole amount was quickly subscribed for. The Victoria Falls offer of £650,000 Five and a-Half per Cent. Second Mortgage Debentures at £92 per cent. met with similar success. The Oklahoma Pacific issue of 2 million dollars of Five per Cent. Gold Bonds at 85 per cent. was rapidly taken up, and the issue of £1,000,000 Five per Cent. Uruguay Bonds was over-subscribed and the underwriters entirely relieved. The Belgian loan for £6,000,000 in Three per Cent. Bonds at the price of 77 per cent. was issued yesterday, and is now quoted at 3 premium on the Stock Exchange. The new Greek Five per Cent. loan for £10,000,000 is also in the offing, and of this amount £2,000,000 will probably be offered in London, £7,000,000 in France, and the balance of £1,000,000 reserved for Greek subscription. The issue price for the London portion is not yet fixed, but it will probably be round about 92. In addition, a new Hungarian issue of £3,000,000 Four and a-Half per Cents. will be made, the issue price being 90½.

A new trust company has been formed under the title of the British Reserve Trust Co., and subscriptions were invited at par for 400,000 shares of £1 each. The company intends to operate in parts of the British Empire and the United States where, the directors state, high returns can still be earned on capital invested. With all respect to optimistic anticipations concerning American operations, intending shareholders

are reminded that the company will have to meet with exceptional success to redeem its promise of a 10 per cent. annual dividend.

The recent Prussian Treasury Bonds were heavily over-subscribed, and the Prussian Financial Administration now cover the whole of their loan requirements for the year by the further loan of £1,000,000 at 4 per cent.; whilst a further Trinidad issue of £500,000 in Four per Cents. is pending.

Home Railway stocks have naturally receded from the high level attained during the height of the recent booming conditions, and the few minor dividend announcements have not tended to advance securities. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway appears to have been successful as far as net revenue is concerned, but the declaration of 5½ per cent. was below market expectations, and the stock fell in response to liquidating sales. The District Railway has paid 2½ per cent. upon its Second Preference stock—being ½ per cent. more than the distribution for the previous year—but the announcement did not give satisfaction in the House, and the stock fell to 32½. The Great Central dividend of 2 per cent. on the 1894 Preference was also under expectations, and the Preferred Ordinary fell ½ to 33½. Another point which contributed towards the arrest of values was the intimation from the directors of the South-Eastern Company regarding the probability of a fresh issue of stock in the near future. None of the above points can be said to have possessed any real "bearish" value, however, and next week the advance of prices will probably be resumed when the more important lines make their half-yearly announcements.

American securities have not maintained any persistency in either direction. Professionals have operated quickly, first supporting and then offering stock, so that the public has remained aloof. The only prominent feature has been the sensational collapse of Rock Island stock to 10 on the fears that a receiver will be necessary; but Canadian Pacifics have risen on some influential support from German houses, which, it is understood, still have large supplies of available cash awaiting investment. Trunk issues offer no immediate attraction to Stock Exchange operations, and traffic receipts are disappointing; whilst Argentine traffics have depressed stocks for the time being. Concerning the latter, however, there is no prospect of values depreciating to any extent in view of the industrial prospects in the Argentine, and Antofagasta Defs. have advanced to 170.

International bonds have attracted less investment, but Greek issues have responded to the prospect of the Government effecting its loan requirements in the near future. Peruvian Prefs. have experienced a sharp relapse on the revolutionary news, and considering the close association of the Peruvian Corporation with the Government, a further fall in Peru issues is probable, unless a stable Government can be formed immediately.

The past week has afforded the opportunity of eliminating some of the weaker holders from the mining speculative position, and now that prices have had a reasonable reaction from the recent boom altitude there is the prospect of renewed activity next week. Financial prosperity has not cast its favours too lavishly upon the Consolidated Gold Fields Company during the past year, and the interim dividend of 1s. per share just declared may be taken as an indication of the directors' optimism for the future.

Rubber shares have not sustained the better position recorded earlier in the week. Oil shares have been quieter, but good in tone, and some interest is attached to the rumour that the "Shell" Transports Co. will obtain control of the Venezuelan Co., the latter's shares being quoted at 2½.

Banking issues appear to have quieter prospects, in view of reduced trade activity, but quotations hold steady. The Commercial Bank of London is making a proposal to form a new company with a capital of £300,000 in shares of £3 each.

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The accounts just issued show that a sum of £149,700 was required for the purpose—considerably more, indeed, than had been expected, in view of the drastic action taken by the management in 1909, when £380,373 was written off the value of Stock Exchange securities. When these facts are together considered the significance of the increased bonuses now declared is unmistakable. Although the society was undoubtedly more prosperous during the recent quinquennium than it was in the preceding 1904-8 term, it was by no means in a position to put forth its full strength, and was—in one respect, at all events—still losing ground. A comparison of Mr. Watson's investigation reports shows that between 31st December, 1908, and 31st December, 1913, the assurances in force decreased from 53,679 to 49,203 in number, while the net sum at risk merely increased from £15,741,308 to £15,768,553, or by a trifle. Moreover, the yearly accounts show that the total premium income had remained almost unchanged throughout the five years, allowance being made for the fluctuations caused by the receipt of single payments. When the new business retained increases from £654,529 in one year to £1,059,068 five years later, and there is a corresponding advance in the amount of the new annual premiums, it is only natural to look for some marked expansion of the total premium income. As nothing of the kind occurred, it is probable that the effects of former neglect were still being felt, for in other respects the efforts of the management proved most successful.

It would probably be nearer the truth were we to assert that during the last five years the Star was recovering its prosperity, and was approaching its goal when the period expired. This is very different from saying that the society was prosperous throughout the recent quinquennium, which was started on a lower rung of the ladder. It is this fact which makes the current bonus announcements so encouraging. When the 1904-8 term ended the funds amounted to £6,476,314, and for the last year of the series a net rate of £3 12s. 1d. per cent. was reported as having been earned. To-day the corresponding position is as follows:—Funds, £7,024,027; interest earned, £4 1s. 7d. per cent. The new start has consequently been made from much higher ground, and the presumption is that the next surplus will prove surprisingly large. Further depreciation of investment values is, of course, possible: but in all other directions the prospect is clear. The premium income is increasing, instead of contracting; the margin of interest unvalued has been greatly enlarged; the mortality experience is satisfactory, and expenditure is an appreciably lighter burden than was the case a few years ago. Additional profits from two of these sources are therefore assured, and in regard to mortality claims it is probable that the adoption of modern tables will act beneficially in the creation of future surplus, stronger reserves having now been made.



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The Bonds were issued pursuant to the said Loan Agreement of July 3rd, 1905, made between the Director-General of Railways, duly authorised by the Imperial Government of China, and George Jamieson, Esq., C.M.G., Agent-General of The Pekin Syndicate, Limited, on behalf of the Syndicate, and the said letters of July 1st and 2nd, 1905, to and from the same parties.

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Drawings of the Bonds at par will take place annually in London, commencing in 1916, in accordance with the following Amortization Table:—

Year.	Amount Repaid.	Year.	Amount Repaid.	Year.	Amount Repaid.	Year.	Amount Repaid.
1916 ...	24,200	1921 ...	30,800	1926 ...	39,500	1931 ...	50,300
1917 ...	25,400	1922 ...	32,400	1927 ...	41,400	1932 ...	52,800
1918 ...	26,700	1923 ...	34,100	1928 ...	43,400	1933 ...	55,400
1919 ...	28,000	1924 ...	35,800	1929 ...	45,600	1934 ...	58,300
1920 ...	29,300	1925 ...	37,600	1930 ...	47,900	1935 ...	61,100

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Copies of the Agreement of July 3rd, 1905, and of a further Agreement of the same date between the same parties, and of the letters of July 1st and 2nd, 1905, can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp and Co., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C., of Messrs. Paines, Blyth and Huxtable, 14, St. Helen's Place, E.C., at any time during business hours whilst the List is open.

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LONDON, February 6th, 1914.

CHINESE LEGATION, LONDON,

49, PORTLAND PLACE, W.

January 27th, 1914.

DEAR SIR,

HONAN RAILWAY 5 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS.

With reference to your enquiry I have much pleasure in informing you that the Government of the Republic of China has duly recognised the Chinese Imperial Government Honan Railway Five per cent. Gold Loan of 1905 as an obligation of the Government of the Republic, upon whom, therefore, the Agreements in relation to such Loan entered into in July, 1905, are binding.

As a matter of fact, the Government of the Republic has regularly and punctually paid the Coupons of the Bonds as they have matured for payment.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) LEW YUK LIN.

The Secretary of

THE PEKIN SYNDICATE, LIMITED,

110, Cannon Street, E.C.

BORAX CONSOLIDATED

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the Borax Consolidated, Limited, was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., under the presidency of Colonel J. W. Reid, Vice-Chairman and Acting Chairman of the company.

The Chairman, having expressed regret at the recent death of Lord Lawrence, said that the net profits for the year amounted to £361,920, being the highest shown in the history of the company and £68,311 more than last year. That brought the average profit made by the company during the past fifteen years, or since its formation, to £276,705 per annum. They had placed the sum of £40,000 to the credit of buildings and plant depreciation account, and they had transferred from that account £48,518 to the freehold land, buildings, plant, etc., account, which then stood at £101,157. It had been suggested that their mines and goodwill should be divided, showing those items respectively. To that he replied that the term "goodwill" was a misnomer, the amount shown under the combined heading in their balance-sheet being more than represented by the value of their mines and deposits. They owned a very large number of favourably situated mines and deposits, and it was from those that the requirements of the world should largely be filled, and the value of those properties could only be based upon that fact and their present earning capacity. If they took the present profits alone as a basis for their valuation it was evident that they were worth more than the figure at which they stood in their balance-sheet. As to the matter of exhaustion, the number and character of the mines and deposits constituted in the aggregate for all practical purposes an inexhaustible supply of raw material. Notwithstanding those circumstances, they could congratulate themselves on what in America they termed "the banner year" of the company. The net profits shown were higher than for any year in its history. Increased trade and the economies in manufacture they had effected, together with the benefits they had experienced from their past expenditure, had all contributed to that happy result. They had every hope, and there was every prospect, that they would continue to increase their trade. Those industries which had used their products should do so in still larger quantities, new uses were from time to time found for them, and they were using every effort to expand their trade in that manner. Borax and boracic acid and their kindred products were indispensable in many manufactures in every civilised country, so that their field of operations was a wide one. At the present time, in addition to the production from their mines in the United States and in Asia Minor, they were obtaining a large quantity of borate of lime from their Ascotan deposit in Chili, and the progressive demand for borate for refining purposes rendered it necessary that they should further increase their sources of production, so that in the event of circumstances arising that would interfere with their output in any one or more places, they might be in a position without delay to obtain a necessary quantity of raw material elsewhere. They had therefore considered the advisability of enlarging the output from their Arequipa property in Peru, where they had an enormous amount of borate. Before incurring the necessary large expense they had approached the Peruvian Government, and the President of that country had issued a decree which had only to receive the sanction of the Senate by which borate of lime would be exempted from any export tax for a period of eighteen years. Their policy was to produce in each country where they owned property and where the cost of production and transport would allow of their so doing.

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KIRKLAND LAKE

THE Statutory Meeting of the Kirkland Lake Proprietary, Limited, was held on Monday, the 2nd inst., at Salisbury House, London Wall, under the presidency of Mr. H. G. Latilla, the chairman of the company.

The Chairman, having expressed regret at the detention in New York of Mr. Clement Foster, and referred to the criticism levelled against the company by a reputable weekly paper, called upon Mr. H. H. Johnson, the consulting engineer, to address the meeting in regard to their properties.

Mr. Johnson said that there were a certain number of incredulous people who could not believe what had been said about the Kirkland Lake Area, and at one time he shared their incredulity to a great extent. At the end of November he received a cable, when in British Columbia, asking him to look at Kirkland Lake on his way East. He went there really prepared to damn, but he remained to bless, and he thought that was the attitude which any independent man would take up who went to Kirkland Lake and saw what there was to see, even at the time he was there. There were many factors which one had to take into consideration in investigating a new mining field, and among these were the accessibility and means of transport, and so on, to enable the work to be done efficiently and cheaply. Those points were well met in the case of Kirkland Lake. They were served with a Government railway within a few miles of the claims, and there were other facilities. As to climatic conditions, a great many people had an idea that Canada was the land of "Our Lady of the Snows," and although probably it was true to some extent, yet as far as mining work went snow did not interfere with them. They were now in possession of later information than he had at his disposal when his reports were written. The most developed mine on the field to-day was the Tough-Oakes. That had passed the stage of a mere prospect, and was now a proved mine, with valuable ore reserves, and was only waiting the delivery of milling plant to start on the producing stage, which would put it on a dividend-paying basis. Of that he thought there was no question. The development on the Tough-Oakes to-day was practically confined to one vein, and there were a number of veins on the surface on which very little work had been done. It was on No. 2 vein that most of the development work had been done, but No. 3 vein was the one which, in his opinion, looked like being as valuable, if not more so, than No. 2. Since he left a shaft had been started on No. 3 vein, and that morning's papers published a cable stating that it had been sunk six feet in 3½-oz. ore over a stoping width of sixty inches. For the last year for which figures were available the average value of the rock milled on the Rand was under 7 dwt., or 28s. 1d. a ton, whereas they were now dealing with 3½-oz. ore, or 70 dwt., which was ten times the value. He did not mean to say that the value in the shaft now being sunk on No. 3 vein was an absolute criterion of what they would get in depth, but it was a very favourable indication, and he was pleased to see that so far his prognostications looked like coming true. In saying that the Tough-Oakes Mine would be in a position, so soon as it got its plant up, to make £150,000 of profit a year he believed he was on the safe side. Arrangements had been made for a supply of power to be brought into the area, and that power was promised for May 1st. That would put them in the position of being able to double, and probably to quadruple, the development which was now capable of being done, and he thought he might say that the directors would spare no effort to continue the developments, and not rest satisfied without having three or four years' ore reserve ahead of any mill that might be put up. He then dealt with the other properties in which the company was interested, and, referring to the criticisms that the veins in the Kirkland Lake area were pockets, said that, in his opinion, nothing could be more fallacious. He described the geological formation of the country, and said there was no suggestion in such a formation of a pocket. He looked upon the Kirkland Lake as being absolutely in its infancy to-day, and he thought it would redound to the credit and profit of everyone connected with its developments.

The Chairman then spoke of the qualifications of Mr. Johnson, and said that the company's shares might be regarded as the best mining gamble to be found on the Stock Exchange, and that the Tough-Oakes was a proved mine, with possibilities beyond the imagination of most of them.

Mr. F. H. Hamilton said he had listened with very great pleasure to the remarks which had fallen from the Chairman, but more particularly to those of Mr. Johnson. It seemed to him that, so far as his observation had gone, criticism had been directed entirely to questions of procedure, methods and so on, and had entirely ignored the great and growing volume of evidence which indicated that they were opening up a goldfield of considerable promise. There was no reasonable doubt that they had in the Tough-Oakes a narrow vein going between 20 and 30 ozs. to the ton; that they had the impregnation of country rock giving high milling values over considerable widths; that they had other properties looking as well as the Tough-Oakes did; and that so far as the work had gone this company had the pick of the field.

SOUTH-EASTERN & CHATHAM

A JOINT General Meeting of the proprietors of the South-Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway Companies was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. H. Cosmo O. Bonsor presiding.

The Chairman said that on the question of receipts, they published in their weekly accounts an increased traffic receipt of £200,000 odd. The actual result was £209,000, and it was made up as follows: Passenger traffic, £165,000; goods traffic, £30,000; and steamboats, £14,000. As to the suburban traffic, there was still on the year's working a decrease under that head, but there was one great exception, and that was that they had carried 600,000 more workmen in 1913 than they did in 1912. As a matter of fact, they carried some 14,700,000 workmen at a fare under 2d., and it was a fact that owing to the burden imposed upon the Committee by the Cheap Trains Act they had to carry this large number of passengers at practically a loss. The 14,700,000 passengers only produced £116,000, and consequently it did not take any very experienced man to know that that was practically traffic run without any remuneration to the proprietors. Of the £209,000 the two companies received £35,000. A satisfactory feature of the business was that their long-distance traffic continued to increase. Receipts in connection with seaside and country resorts, and from season tickets, all showed an excellent increase—part of the £165,000 passenger increase. Their Continental traffic also showed a great advance. The additional service which they put on between London and the Continent on July 1st last, had been run at a cost of £11,000—£22,000 a year. The first year of a new Continental service was naturally not one of great profit, but, for a beginner, this showed extremely good promise. It had more than justified their expectations, and would, he was confident, in the near future be a very remunerative service. Their goods traffic showed an increase of £30,000 on the year. They had carried 23,000 tons of Kent coal, and although he regretted to say that the coal which was at present being worked out of the existing seams was not suitable for locomotive purposes, he was given to understand that it was as good as any other gas coal in the country, if not better. When the lower seams were reached he hoped they would be able to use Kent coal at a less price than the coal they received from the North. The increase in wages and salaries amounted in the half-year to £33,000. A good many people had supposed that they could recoup themselves of that large amount by an addition to the rates they charged for their goods. Unfortunately, the Act of 1913 was finally drawn so as to exclude the Managing Committee from any benefit owing to the terms of the Working Union Act, and the only rates they had been able to put on were those where they were in direct competition with other companies, or where they agreed with other companies as to an increased through rate. The amount was very small. The line had been relaid and ballasted, and the time had now arrived when they could order and use heavier locomotives. As to the question of the Channel Tunnel, their position was a plain one. National security must take the first place in the consideration of every British citizen, but they had most sympathetically watched what they believed to be a great change in public opinion on that particular subject. They had satisfied themselves that a Channel Tunnel would not only be an engineering, but a commercial success, and bring great prosperity to the proprietors of the South-Eastern and Chatham Companies.

SOUTH-EASTERN.

Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor afterwards presided at the Ordinary General Meeting of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and said that the most satisfactory feature in regard to the accounts was that the directors had been able to recommend a small but welcome addition to their dividend of last year. The last capital was issued in 1903, and the time was now approaching when they must issue further stock. They had been borrowing money from their bankers during the past twelve months and paying a fair rate of interest. They had some £600,000 odd of investments which they might realise, but he was opposed to doing that. He would like, if possible, to issue Ordinary Stock to the proprietors at a price which would induce them to take it up. They had Parliamentary powers to issue up to £1,000,000.

CHATHAM AND DOVER.

Sir William Hart Dyke, Bart., presiding at the Ordinary Meeting of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company, said the general result of the whole year's working was that out of an increase of £200,000 in the gross revenue, there was only some £35,000 more to divide between the two companies. This was due to increased expenditure. After paying the two dividends for the new financial year on the Arbitration Preference stock, they were able to recommend a dividend of 1½ per cent. on the Second Preference stock, as compared with ½ per cent. twelve months ago. Whereas the ½ per cent. consisted of the scrapings of several half-years, the whole 1½ per cent. now recommended would be paid out of actual earnings for the twelve months past. The Kent coast recreation grounds and pleasure resorts were still growing in popularity. Their Continental traffic, assisted by their Swiss winter season, must continue to expand, and a fresh impetus would be given by their new station at Dover Harbour.

HOME & COLONIAL STORES.

THE Nineteenth Ordinary General Meeting of the shareholders of the Home and Colonial Stores, Ltd., was held yesterday at 2 and 4, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C., Mr. W. Capel Slaughter (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Assistant Secretary (Mr. G. J. Fare) having read the notice calling the meeting and the report of the Auditors,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said: I cannot doubt that you will agree with my colleagues and myself in thinking that the result is a satisfactory statement for all classes of proprietors. Of the amount which, as I have stated, we have out of revenue placed to reserve—namely, £28,297 17s. 3d.—£17,948 has been placed to what we call the statutory reserve prescribed by Article 120 of the Articles of Association. Under that article 10 per cent. of the net profits for the year have to be carried to this reserve fund, but in addition to that we have added to our other reserve funds; first, a sum of £10,349 17s. 3d. from our general revenue account, and, secondly, £5,504 12s. 10d., being the balance of the premiums received from the issue of our new share capital, to which I will refer a little later on. These sums of £10,349 17s. 3d. and £5,504 12s. 10d. together amount to £15,854 10s. 10d., which, added to the £30,000 at which the amount of this reserve stood in our last balance sheet, gives a total of £35,854 10s. 10d. under this reserve. The mention of this reserve fund leads naturally to the question of our investments. You will remember that the balance sheet for last year showed the depreciation of your investments amounted to £31,206. Your directors recommend that on account of that depreciation, which had taken place in the restricted investments in which at the time we were authorised by your Articles of Association to invest your reserve funds, you should extend the range of investment, and you concurred in this and sanctioned some changes in the Articles of Association last year to give us that authority. Notwithstanding the recent rise in securities, you would still have been subjected to some considerable further depreciation had you not given us that authority, and although the amount of the depreciation to-day is not as big as it would have been at the date of the balance-sheet—namely, December 27th, 1913—it is a substantial figure. We proceeded to act upon the authority to sell the old investments and to invest in the new securities, and that has been completely carried out; but the process has involved the realisation of the deficiency caused by the depreciation of the old securities, and they were sold at a price of £33,802 10s. 10d. less than what they stood in the books of the Company on December 28th, 1912. This £33,802 10s. 10d. has been completely written off out of the reserve fund I last mentioned, and which you will recollect was, by the addition made this year, increased to £35,854 10s. 10d. The market conditions under which the business of the Company has been conducted have in most cases been favourable, the notable exception being tea, while it does not need me to tell you what you yourselves see no doubt from your daily papers that, generally speaking, the cost of living has increased, which means that the cost of consumable articles such as we trade in is of a higher average and a higher range now than it has been for some time past. Turning again to the balance sheet, you will see that we have a loan from our bankers of £75,000, because we do not hesitate, when opportunity for us to buy well arises, to avail ourselves of our splendid credit, and that is the reason why you see "loan from bankers" on the balance sheet. On the other hand, our stock in hand this year amounts to a considerable total—namely, £728,181, which is larger by £101,171 than it was last year. By this time, however, a large proportion of it has been realised at a profit, and our loan from the bank has already been reduced accordingly. In the third item on the credit side of the balance sheet you will find, included with interest on dividends accrued, etc., the item of "loans and advances to subsidiary companies." This item is a new one. The amount is comparatively small, and I only mention it because if I did not do so it might lead to questions being asked. I think you will understand that if at this early stage we had thought it politic and prudent in the interests of the company to say more about it we should have done so and dealt with it in our report. With these observations I have dealt with all special matters to which I ought to draw your attention on the accounts. It remains for us to congratulate the shareholders upon the success of the issue in the early part of last year of 27,000 out of 45,000 new 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares which the proprietors sanctioned at their meeting last year. In the month of February, 1913, we offered these shares of £5 each to the 6 per cent. Preference shareholders of the Company at a premium of 5s. per share. These shares were all taken up and allotted, and I am glad to see by *The Times* of to-day that shares were dealt in at 5½, so that not only have we the satisfaction of knowing that the shareholders who took up the shares have derived considerable benefit by their appreciation in market value, but we have the satisfaction also of knowing that the 6 per cent. Preference shares, which are our premier security, stand at a very satisfactory figure having regard to the great depreciation in values to which, notwithstanding the recent rise to which I have alluded before, all securities have been subjected. At the annual general meeting at which this increase was sanctioned we were asked to place any premium which we realised to reserve and that was assented to, and that is why I stated in the observations which I have already addressed to you on the subject of our reserve that the item of £5,504 balance of premium on share capital had been taken to the reserve account. There remains for me to mention the subject of our Articles of Association. Although the business of this Company is considerably older than the Company itself, our Company was formed over 20 years ago, and during that period there have been no fewer than five Acts of Parliament passed in regard to joint stock companies. In addition to that the capital account of our Company has undergone considerable increases and changes; the basis of our reserve fund has been altered, and it is only in the nature of things that with all these conditions spread over a period of 20 years our Articles of Association have become more than a little difficult and involved for the purpose of reference. We have therefore had our original Articles of Association and the special resolutions which have been passed from time to time, and the effect of the legislation to which I have referred, blended into one clean print of new Articles of Association, which, with the exception of the question of the quorum, represent merely the old Articles as altered by special resolution and by legislation.

Sir Charles E. G. Philipps seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The formal business was transacted, and votes of thanks were accorded to the chairman, directors, managers and staff.

At an extraordinary general meeting a resolution was passed adopting new Articles of Association.

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